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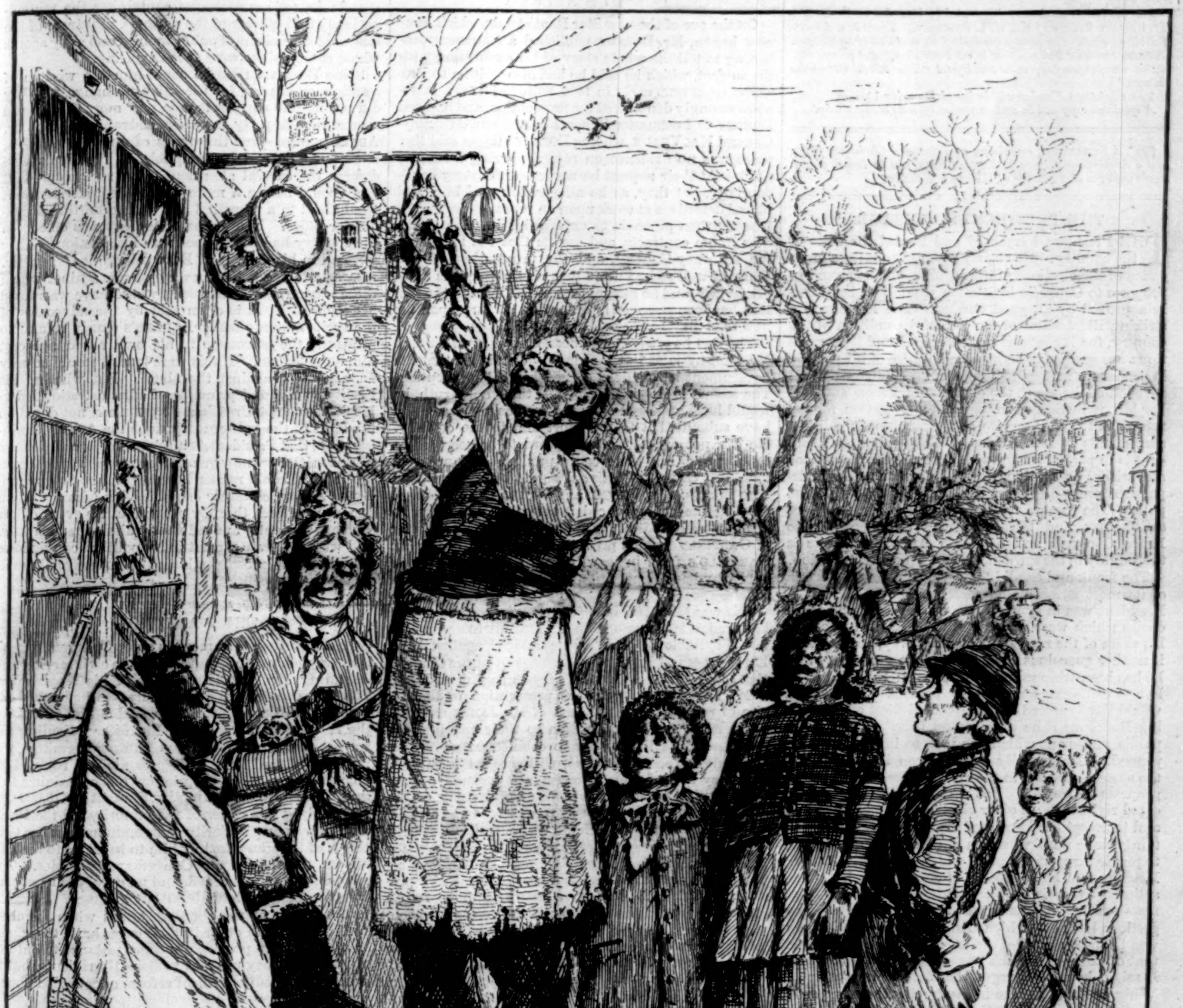


GETTING READY FOR CHRISTMAS.—DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, December 16, 1882.

## HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

### An Illustrated Weekly,

*Published December 12, gives its young readers a charming foretaste of Christmas pleasures. It contains Part II. of* Miss Louisa M. Alcott's *story, "A Christmas Dream, and How It Came True"; a delightful story by* Mrs. Helen S. Conant, *entitled "Willie's Christmas"; a poem, "Christmas at the Door," by* Miss E. M. Traquair; *and two charming illustrations of Christmas subjects, by* Mr. Thomas Nast *and* Mr. Dan Beard.

*The graver subjects treated in this Number are: "The Gregorian Calendar;" and the life of "Frédéric François Chopin," by* Mrs. John Lillie, *who also contributes another chapter of her charming serial story, "Nan."*

*The Christmas stories are illustrated by* Mrs. Jessie Shepherd, Mr. Howard Pyle, *and* Mr. W. L. Shepherd. *There is a delightful bit of winter fun among the little folk, contributed by* Mr. Sol Eytinge, *entitled "Turn About is but Fair Play," and a very suggestive wood-engraving, with the legend "Too Much Christmas Dinner."*

*The Christmas Number will be issued December 19.*

*A specimen copy will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp.*

☞ A Supplement, *containing an illustrated Christmas Story, and a double-page picture by* Thomas Nast, *will be issued gratuitously with the next number of* Harper's Weekly.

## THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THE President has heard and heeded the voice of the country. He clearly comprehends the significance of the elections of the autumn, and he promptly proposes to Congress legislation which will be heartily approved by all good citizens. The Message is a striking illustration of the peaceful condition of the country, for it contains no "politics," and its suggestions are generally acceptable to men of all parties. It proposes a serious reduction of taxation, a stringent revision of the tariff, the omission of a river and harbor bill, reduction of postage, aid to education, radical reform in the civil service, and prohibition of political assessments by law. Upon all these points the President is in perfect accord with the national convictions and wishes as signified for a long time by the independent press, and most decisively manifested at the polls. The foreign relations of the government are satisfactory, and the President's treatment of the Peace Congress and of South American affairs is thoroughly in the spirit of the best American tradition.

The frank and candid temper of the Message is one of its most agreeable characteristics. So far as the President was in sympathy with the views and tendencies which were rebuked at the election he accepts his share of the reproof in a manly way, and his tone is neither querulous nor sullen. It is easy to say that he has been whipped into repentance; but it is not an honest criticism, for the very persons who make it would have sneered at him as the dullest of unlearning Bourbons if he had refused to acknowledge the public sentiment which has been so impressively expressed. Undoubtedly he has been identified with the system of abuse in the civil service which he now proposes to reform. But why is he to be denied an equal right with all other citizens to change his views and to accept the lessons of experience? He has certainly done nothing which should so commend him to public favor as the proof which he has given in the Message that he is capable of conforming his public action to the desires of the country. But it is to be remembered to his credit that he made excellent suggestions last year, which Congress disregarded, and it was his position upon the River and Harbor Bill, not that of Congress, which was approved by the country. It might be as well urged that because he was an old Whig he is not sincere in saying that there is general accord in the principle that only such taxes should be levied as are necessary for a wise and economical administration of the government, as to hold that because he has been a politician of the spoils school he can not be sincere in saying that it is generally agreed that the tenure of subordinate employés of the government should not be party zeal or personal fidelity, or in expressing his own opinion that the President can not properly discharge his important duties if he is to be overwhelmed with the details of appointment to the whole civil list.

The President and the Secretary of the Treasury state clearly the evil results of an enormous surplus in the Treasury. It must lie idle there, or the government must buy its bonds at an enormous premium, or the money will be extravagantly expended. The true guiding principle in this situation the President has laid down in the words that we have already quoted, that only such taxes should be levied as are necessary for a wise and economical administration. They should be so laid as to secure the largest revenue with the least cost. Such taxes on the internal list are those on luxuries and personal indulgence, like spirits and tobacco, which are paid at pleasure, and impose no cost upon any raw material of industry. On the foreign list they are such taxes as neither check consumption nor stimulate competition. The President recommends the repeal of all internal taxes except those upon distilled spirits, and an enlargement of the customs free list and diminution of certain duties. But why the tobacco tax should be repealed he does not clearly state. The details of reduction are left of course to Congress; and the Tariff Commission also recommends serious reduction. The President's course, in fact, has done much to remedy a serious practical defect in the working of the government. It is universally felt to be a great misfortune that such a public purpose as was shown by the late election can not take effect until more than a year after it is announced. But his prompt recommendation to Congress of the general policy which has been approved at the polls displays true statesmanship. It remains to be seen whether Congress will also comprehend its duty.

## DORSEY'S APPEAL.

On the eve of the new Star Route trials, which have now begun, Mr. Dorsey published a statement professing to tell the whole story of his connection with the subject, which he said he had also written to President Garfield early in 1880, who, as he says, thereupon strongly denounced the prosecution, and referred Dorsey to Postmaster-General James and Attorney-General MacVeagh, who, as Dorsey alleges, said that there was no evidence on record proving Dorsey's guilt. At their request he wrote out the story confidentially, but they, as he alleges, betrayed him, and placed detectives at work upon an investigation. Mr. Dorsey then proceeds to explain his relation to the Star Route contracts, and asserts that the President, the Attorney-General, and the prosecuting officers know as well as he knows that his statement is absolutely true, and he alleges that the Marshal of the District has been removed in order that the jury upon the new trial may be packed.

The first impression produced by this appeal is that Mr. Dorsey is at last thoroughly convinced that the government is in "dead earnest" in the prosecution. The second is that if the story be the whole truth, he would have appeared upon the trial as a witness, and have submitted it to the court and to the country. He can not expect his own word to be accepted as conclusive. But if he could produce evidence that President Garfield believed him to be innocent, and that Messrs. MacVeagh and James betrayed him, why has he not produced it before? Why does he not now produce it in his appeal? If there be a letter of Garfield's which proves his innocence, or implies Garfield's faith in it, why does he not publish it? And why has the present publication been delayed to the very eve of the new trial? With all the evidence which was laid before the jury and the country at the late trial, it is rather bold in Mr. Dorsey to assert that not a syllable of proof was produced against him. Eighteen grand jurymen and nine petit jurors thought that there was a great deal of very damaging evidence.

Mr. Dorsey attributes the prosecution to the desire of revenge upon the part of Mr. James and Mr. MacVeagh for his opposition to their appointment as members of the Garfield cabinet. But no one who knows those gentlemen will accept this theory; and they both decline to enter into personal controversy with a man whom, upon careful study of the evidence, they unhesitatingly pronounce to be a thief. Knowledge of the Star Route scandals did not begin with the entrance of Messrs. James and MacVeagh into the cabinet. The scandals were known long before that event, and there is a very general and profound belief that there have been enormous frauds upon the government. Even if the present prosecution fails, that conviction will remain. The devices of legal evasion are many, and adequate legal evidence can not always be produced to supplement moral conviction. But we repeat, if Mr. Dorsey can prove, even at this late day, that President Garfield believed him to be innocent of all complicity with these frauds, and can also produce the evidence which persuaded the President, Mr. Dorsey will certainly have thrown new light upon the whole matter. If he can not, his appeal will only confirm the general belief in his guilt.

## GOOD PRECEDENTS.

The *Times* says that there are forty-five postmasters in the State of New York, fourteen in Connecticut, and eleven in New Jersey whose commissions will expire before the 1st of April, 1883, and who are naturally anxious about re-appointment. The offices are all "Presidential"; that is, they are of the class which are filled by the President's nomination and the consent of the Senate. In his Message of last year President Arthur remarked that the rules of conduct of the public business should not differ from those that regulate successful private business. If he be still of the same opinion, he will renominate upon the expiration of their commissions all postmasters, as well as all other officers, who have honestly and efficiently discharged their duties—which, however, can not be affirmed of those who have made use of their position to further party or personal ends.

In pursuing this course the President will not only serve the public interest, but he will be sustained by the best precedents. The four years' law was passed during the Presidency of Monroe, when John Quincy Adams was Secretary of State, and Mr. Adams records that Mr. Monroe adopted at once the practice of renominating every officer, upon the expiration of his commission, against whom misconduct was not proved; and a report of the House of Representatives in 1840 states that he declined to renominate only one officer. Mr. Adams adhered faithfully to the same rule. Before his inauguration, a member of Congress from Rhode Island, whose term was ending, told him that he should like the Collectorship at Providence. Mr. Adams promptly replied that he should make no change except for misconduct. A few days before the 4th of March the Comptroller of the Treasury brought him a list of subordinate officers in that department whose commissions would expire during the month of March, and on the 5th of March, with the message of nominations for his cabinet, Mr. Adams sent in four other messages, containing the renominations of all officers of the customs, registrars of the land offices, receivers of public money, and navy agents whose commissions were about expiring.

Some Senators tried to show him the wisdom of rotation, or change for the sake of change, for they did not dare to suggest to him any more illegitimate reason, such as party or personal advantage. But Mr. Adams replied—and the words of one of the wisest, most patriotic, and incorruptible of Presidents well deserve the careful attention of his successors—that there could not be a more pernicious practice, for it would lead to a perpetual and unintermitting scramble for office. Four-fifths of the customs officers in the country had been opposed to his election. They were all in his power. "But I determined," said Mr. Adams, "to renominate every person against whom there was no complaint which would have warranted his removal." It is often said by the advocates of the spoils system that Mr. Adams's sturdy refusal to prostitute the patronage to his own advantage cost him a re-election. If this were true, it would be only an argument against the abuse. But whether his fidelity to a sound principle of administration led to his defeat or not, President Arthur can not doubt, in the light of the half-century since the Adams administration, that President Adams's principle and practice in this matter are now generally approved by the country; and he could render no truer service to the country, nor more certainly commend his administration to public respect, than by renominating every officer who has diligently and efficiently discharged his duty, and who, however earnest in his political convictions, has refused to prostitute his office to personal ambitions or party politics.

## THEN AND NOW.

It is less than five months since Congress was hilariously joking about reform in the civil service, and defending Mr. Jay Hubbell and his assessments. The President in his annual Message had asked for an appropriation of $25,000 to enable him to enforce the rules already adopted. But after ridiculing the subject as well as its powers of humor permitted, the majority of the House of Representatives rejected an amendment to the appropriation bill containing this grant, and only when a motion fixing it at $15,000 was proposed by a member of the minority did the President's own party majority contemptuously suffer two-thirds of the sum asked by him to be added to the bill. Five months expire, and Congress re-assembles. The elections have intervened, and many of the most conspicuous scoffers have been left at home. Scarcely is the prayer of the chaplain ended when members tumble over each other in their eager haste to propose methods, not to provide a meagre pittance to enforce rules which they can not sufficiently ridicule, but to secure the speediest radical reform of conceded abuses in the civil service.

We congratulate the Republican majority in Congress that they are at last recognizing what they ought never to have forgotten, that the Republican party is strong only as the party of principle and progress. It is not an army to be marched and countermarched at the whim and nod of a few bosses. It is not a volatile mob to be stampeded by a shout of glory to "the grand old party." It is not a body of ignorant citizens which will accept any ballot with a Republican label, and which asks only to obey "regular" orders. There is in it a mass of intelligent and industrious men to whom, as experience has often shown, the public welfare is more precious than mere party success. The fault of recent Republican leaders is that, deceived by the continued supremacy of the party, they have forgotten its character, and have supposed that it would support whatever its Congressional majority might choose to do. But the military tactics of Burr and of Jackson can not be adapted to the Republican party. It is not necessary to enlarge upon this fact, because it is now probably apparent to the dullest partisan. The Republican may be an impracticable, crotchety, cranky party. Gentlemen who have been left at home may apply to it any epithet which pleases them. But at last, perhaps, they understand that he who serves his country most serves his party best.

Recent events have illustrated more signally than ever the familiar truth that in Washington there is very little knowledge of the movements of public opinion. The capital is a centre of interests and intrigues in which the tendency is to regard the rest of the country as an obedient dependency. In such an atmosphere the popular intelligence and independence are naturally underestimated, and there is probably no place in the country, except Tammany Hall, where there is greater contempt of the people. Mr. Cleveland, the newly elected Governor of New York, said the other evening, at his reception by the Manhattan Club, what may well be pondered in Washington: "Partisan leaders have learned, too, that the people will not unwittingly and blindly follow, and that something more than unmeaning devotion to party is necessary to secure their allegiance." The Republican majority in Congress can do their party no greater service than to make this short session distinguished by the promptitude and vigor with which it does those things which it ought to have done last year.

## LOUIS BLANC.

The death of Louis Blanc removes one of the most interesting figures of the French revolution of 1848—an agitator and author who was much misrepresented because judged by the excesses and errors of his associates, whom he courageously endeavored to restrain. Like many of the conspicuous political leaders of France since the Restoration, Louis Blanc was a journalist—a man of a singularly clear mind, and a writer of a crisp, brilliant, incisive, and picturesque style. His *History of Ten Years*, or of the earlier part of the reign of Louis Philippe, is a work of great interest and value, although but a chapter in the history of France; and his *magnum opus*, the *History of the French Revolution*, is one of the most admirable of the works upon that stormy epoch.

Among his other literary works, his letters to the Paris *Pays*, written from London during our civil war, and subsequently collected and published in an English translation, are very delightful for their light and vivid touch, and their shrewd estimate of men and events both in England and America. His characterization of Gladstone and Bright is exceedingly acute.

Louis Blanc lived for many years in England, but returned to Paris after Sedan, and has long sat in the Assembly. His old political convictions and sympathies were unchanged, but he had always a conservative reservation of feeling which prevented a conspicuous radical leadership. He was a political figure of yesterday rather than of to-day, but the personal charm of the man appears in the public estimation of his career.

## THE SAFETY OF AUDIENCES.

Whenever a theatre is burned there is a general alarm raised of the risk of life in such buildings, and there is a demand, which sometimes continues even for three days afterward, that a strict and thorough scrutiny shall be made of all places of amusement, and that adequate legislation to insure safety shall be procured at once. The Park Theatre—which was recently burned an hour or two before Mrs. Langtry was to appear for the first time, and in which, although there were but about a dozen persons at the time, and it was broad daylight, not more than two or three persons lost their lives, and as many more were seriously injured—was the latest warning of the kind. Mr. Esterbrook, the Inspector of Buildings, said immediately, in reply to inquisitive gentlemen of the press, that the laws upon the subject were very inadequate, and he instituted a rigorous investigation. The partial results of it have been made public, and it will not surprise anybody probably to learn that of eighteen of the theatres in New York, reports from which were received up to the 1st of December, there are but two which were stated to be indisputably safe. These were Wallack's new theatre and Harrigan & Hart's.

Mr. Esterbrook's theory of safety in a theatre is very reasonable. A theatre he holds to be really two buildings—one peculiarly exposed to fire, the other peculiarly free from the risk of it, but both united in one building. The first of the two is the stage and its adjuncts; the other is the auditorium. Safety, therefore, consists in the facility of their total separation, because the knowledge of such separation would allay panic. This safety he would accomplish in three ways: First, a solid thick fire-proof wall between them, rising above the roof, and in which the proscenium or stage should be the only opening except a few fire-proof doors. For this stage opening there should be a fire-proof curtain to be readily dropped. The second security should be an ample system of water-pipes upon the stage to drench the scenery at once; and the third should be skylights in the roof above the stage, which would instantly open upon the cutting or burning of a cord, so as to allow adequate exit for smoke. To these should, of course, be added a corps of drilled firemen upon duty from the moment a lamp was lighted in the house, and ample exits on every side. With such provisions Mr. Esterbrook is of opinion that the audience might remain and watch the progress of the fire as a spectacle, unless it should prefer to see the fire-proof curtain dropped.

The public knowledge that such precautions had been taken, and that water systems, curtains, fire-brigades, and skylights were all in working order, would do much to prevent a panic in any theatre. Indeed, without such knowledge it would now be impossible to prevent a panic. There is scarcely a theatre in New York in which an alarm of fire, or the smell of smoke, or the sight of flames, would not of itself produce a catastrophe, not only because of the real danger, but of the overpowering apprehension. The chances of such alarm among the many theatres are very great. Mr. Esterbrook speaks plainly of "unsafe theatres," and of the inadequacy of the building laws. If the Democrats who control the new Legislature would cultivate popularity among a very important part of this community, let them attend to the theatres as well as to the bread. To furnish the people both bread and amusement was held to be a good trick of Roman demagogism. But to furnish the people with safe theatres would be a shrewd stroke of American politics.

## SHIPS AND IVORY.

President Arthur calls attention in his message to the disappearance of our commercial marine. He remarks that "our disadvantage in building ships is the greater cost of labor and in sailing them, higher taxes, and greater interest on capital, while the ocean highways are already monopolized by our formidable competitors. These obstacles," continues the President, "should in some way be overcome, but he wisely refrains from suggesting any way of overcoming them. In the opinion of Mr. John Roach they can be overcome only by a judicious system of subsidies. If the national government will bribe American merchants to buy Mr. Roach's costly ships, and to sail them in competition with foreign ships, making the bribe large enough to more than re-imburse the merchants for the money they must inevitably lose in such a venture, American commerce will revive. Before adopting this plan it might be well for our legislators to examine the condition of the ivory trade, and to take such measures for the revival of American elephants as Mr. Roach and his protectionist friends may suggest.

There was a time when America produced its own ivory. It is true that at the period in question there was no market for this ivory, but it nevertheless existed in immense quantities in the shape of the tusks worn by mastodons. These animals belonged to the elephant tribe, but being reared in a country where monarchical institutions had no foot-hold, they were vastly larger and better in every way than the elephants of the Old World.

The American mastodon and his ivory have long since disappeared, and we are now dependent for our ivory upon the elephants of Africa and Asia. Every particle of true ivory used in this country is imported. It is either the raw product of foreign elephants, or, in case it reaches us in a manufactured state, it has passed through the hands of foreign workmen. It is very sad that we should thus be dependent upon foreign nations for our ivory, and our legislators ought to carefully consider the subject, and in some way overcome the obstacles in the way of producing American ivory.

There is no doubt that we can raise elephants in this country. We can import a few pairs of foreign elephants, and if great care is taken of them, we can in turn breed herds of elephants, and so supply ourselves with American ivory. Of course this will be a very costly undertaking, but Americans can be induced to engage in it by liberal subsidies. If American ivory thus produced costs three times as much as imported ivory, all the government will have to do will be to pay the producers a subsidy equal to four times the price of every pound of ivory sold by them in competition with foreign ivory. Thus they will be able to compete successfully with the foreign ivory merchants, and the revival of American elephants will be accomplished.

If any one should object to this patriotic plan, and should suggest that we ought to buy ivory in the cheapest market, let it be remembered that equally unpatriotic people have said that we ought to buy ships in the cheapest market. Such remarks are manifestly uttered in the interest of foreign ship-builders and foreign elephants, and in the opinion of Mr. Roach and his friends deserve nothing but loathing and contempt. Let us subsidize American ship-owners with contracts for carrying mail-bags, and American elephant-breeders with contracts for furnishing mail-bags with ivory labels, and all will be well.

## THE SAFETY OF ACTORS.

That there should be more stringent provision for the safety of audiences in theatres has been long evident; but it is plain, also, from the late tragical event at Cincinnati, that actors are in need of similar protection. It is incredible that civilized people should find amusement in seeing a man fire a loaded rifle at an object an inch or two above a woman's head. But it is unpardonable that the law or the authorities should allow it to be done. Nobody had a right to be surprised by the terrible and wanton catastrophe. The very zest of the play was that such an event might happen. But it will be a reproach to the civilization of the State of Ohio if it shall be legally possible hereafter.

There are many exhibitions involving risk of human life which ought to be forbidden. It is not enough that a man is willing to risk the chance because others will pay to see him take the risk. Society must often defend its members against themselves, and decline to permit needless risks of this kind. Whatever foolishly and causelessly cheapens human life in the public estimation is demoralizing. If a man choose to tie a rope around his neck in his chamber, fasten it to the ceiling, and take the risk of jumping from a bureau to the floor, nothing can be done. But when he hires a theatre for the purpose, and invites people to pay to see him try the experiment, the law may properly intervene.

It is easy to believe that the poor fellow who shot the young actress in Cincinnati is half distracted with agony, and that he swears never to fire a rifle again. But the moral of the awful event is not for him only; it is for the public and for intelligent legislators. Palpable risk of human life should not be a legal public entertainment. If the gladiatorial combats of barbarous Rome, or the bull-fights of Spain, or the boxing matches of England are degrading and revolting, what is to be said of such a performance as that of the play in which the poor girl was shot, or of much that is tolerated at circuses and other exhibitions?

## THE LONGFELLOW MEMORIAL.

The Dean of Westminster has "unhesitatingly consented" to the erection of a bust of Longfellow to be placed in Westminster Abbey. Lord Granville introduced the deputation from the committee which had charge of this memorial of "a graceful and tender poet," and which he said was composed of a large body of the most distinguished Englishmen in every department of intellectual activity—a committee so numerous and so weighty that its voice must be held to be truly representative of the public feeling.

This is all very pleasant and very just. No poet to whom the English language was native has been more popular and beloved than Longfellow, and it is fitting that his bust should be placed among the memorials of the other worthies of the literature of that language in the great temple which is consecrated to their commemoration. It is good to reflect that he who, living, touched with equal tenderness the heart of the two families of the English-speaking race, now, that he is dead, by this gracious tribute to his memory still binds closer between them the kindly bond of peace and good-will.

But while England has thus promptly provided for a tribute to the poet's memory, his own countrymen will not forget the proposed appropriate American memorial. Pilgrims to Cambridge, and especially those who have been at Mr. Longfellow's house, will remember the broad field opposite his gate, across the high-road, a field sloping gently to the river Charles, and showing the gentle Brighton hills beyond. It is a tranquil and charming prospect, and was the poet's favorite and most familiar view. The committee hope to secure this field, which is intimately associated with Longfellow's life and poetry—a spot of which his neighboring and venerable historic house is a striking ornament—and to make of it a simple public ground or park, embellished at some time, perhaps, with a statue of the poet. No memorial could be more fitting. The project naturally appeals to every friend of Longfellow, that is, to every reader and lover of his poetry. It needs only the little trouble of sending a contribution, for which, of course, every sum will be acceptable and valuable, to the treasurer, Mr. John Bartlett, Post Office box 1590, Boston, Massachusetts.

## PERSONAL.

Mr. E. V. Welch, of Fordham, who died a few days since, presented a fine ideal of an excellent business man. He retired a few years since from the active headship of a large wholesale house in New York to enjoy the leisure which competence and refined tastes made very agreeable to him. He had a fine literary sense, and was a frequent and acceptable poetical contributor to the leading journals of the metropolis. A large-hearted, liberal-minded man, much given to kindliness and good-neighborly offices, he was also a very charitable, just, and amiable man, greatly esteemed by those who knew him best.

—We shall soon have an authentic statement of facts connected with the Burlingame-Brooks duel. Ex-Congressman Lewis D. Campbell, who died recently at his home in Ohio, said a few years ago that he had written a true history of the affair, which would be published after his death. It will be remembered that when in Congress in 1856 Mr. Burlingame denounced the assault by Preston S. Brooks upon Senator Sumner. For this he was challenged by Brooks. Accepting the challenge, he named rifles as the weapons, and Navy Island, just above Niagara Falls, as the place of fighting. To the latter proposition Brooks demurred, alleging that in the then excited state of public feeling he would have to expose himself to personal violence in passing through "the enemy's country," as he called the Northern States. The matter fell through, but Mr. Burlingame's conduct raised him greatly in the estimation of his friends, his party, and the North generally.

—The Rev. Hugh Miller Thompson, of New Orleans, who has just been elected Assistant Bishop of Mississippi, is one of the very live men in the Church. He is now rector of the foremost parish in New Orleans, whither he went from the rectorship of Christ Church in this city. He is a man of fine executive ability, a strong writer, and an elegant preacher, never using notes, but saying what he has to say in clear-cut, concise, and forcible language. The bishop of the diocese, Dr. Green, is over eighty, and very infirm.

—The Queen brought out a good deal of enthusiasm at the recent royal review in London. When the Foot Guards, headed by the Duke of Connaught, marched past, the Queen stood up in the carriage, waving her handkerchief again and again. She remembered she was a mother as well as a Queen.

—Saith a correspondent of the Providence *Press*: "Mrs. Amory, of Boston, when dining in London with a distinguished company gathered in honor of her relative, Lord Lyndhurst, was asked if Mrs. Stowe, whose *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was the sensation of the day, was black, like the characters she described!"

—One of the most delightful art exhibitions of the year is that of the Salmagundi Sketch Club, in the New York National Academy of Design. It contains nearly five hundred drawings, sketches, engravings, and etchings. The exhibition is interesting also as showing increased attention on the part of American artists to work in black and white, and the progress which this branch of art has made in this country within the last few years.

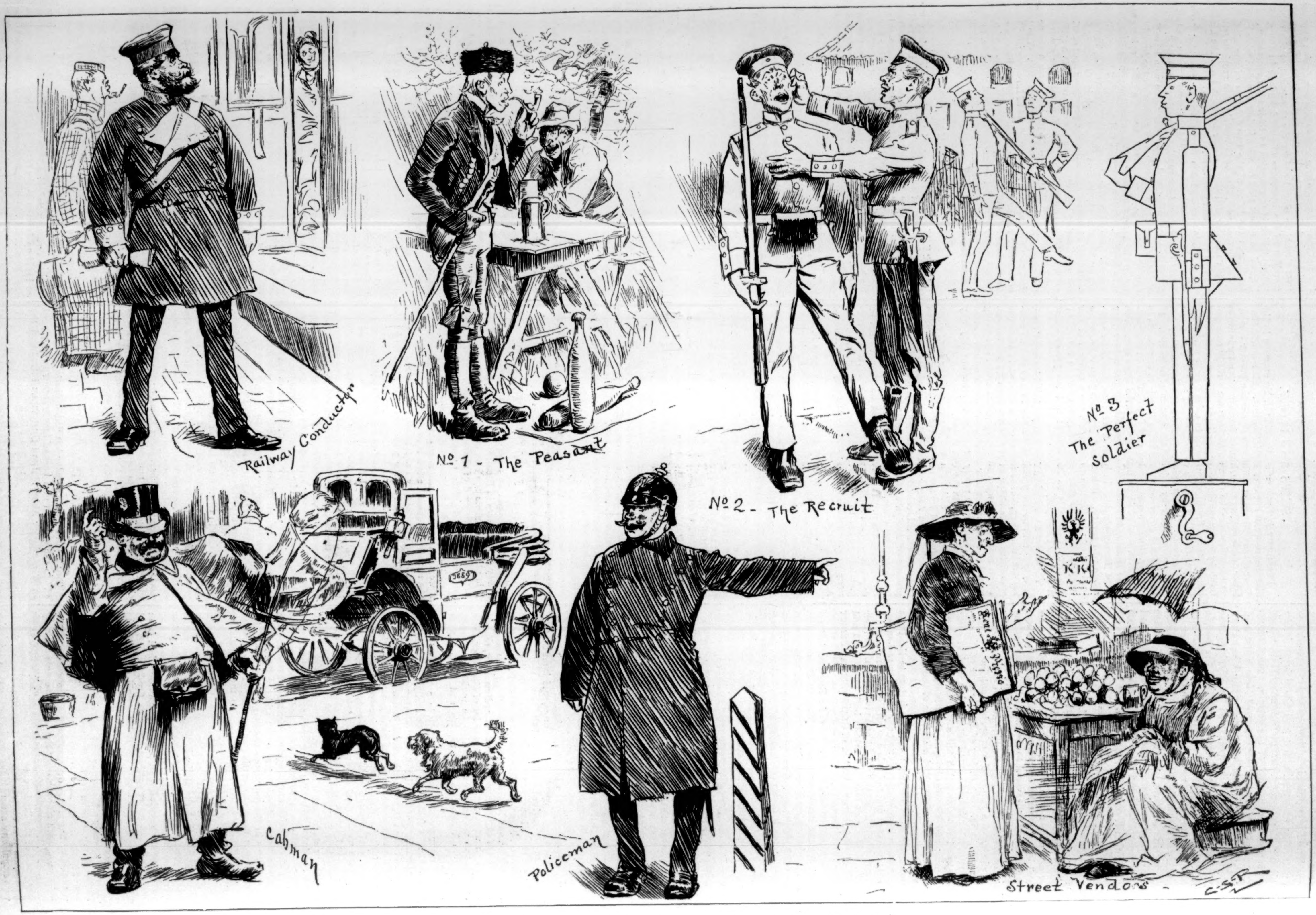
—Hon. J. G. Carlisle, of Kentucky, a prominent candidate for Speaker of the next Congress, lives in a large, old-fashioned brick house in Covington, surrounded by a spacious lawn. Mrs. Carlisle is a devoted member of the Methodist Church, and prominent in works of charity. Their eldest son is Mr. Carlisle's law partner, and a younger son is about to begin the practice of law in New York.

—Edmund Yates, in the London *World*, says that a son of a well-known American millionaire and railway king has been staying at Monte Carlo, and his adventures have been quite amusing. The other night he lost at *trente et quarante* all the money he had with him, whereon he telegraphed to his mother for more, telling her he had lost his pocket-book. Then a friend lent him some money, with which he won back his losses; when he again telegraphed, "Don't send money; pocket-book found." After this he, on the next day, once more lost all he had, and in desperation sent a third telegram, saying, "Do send money; pocket-book found as stated, but with nothing in it."

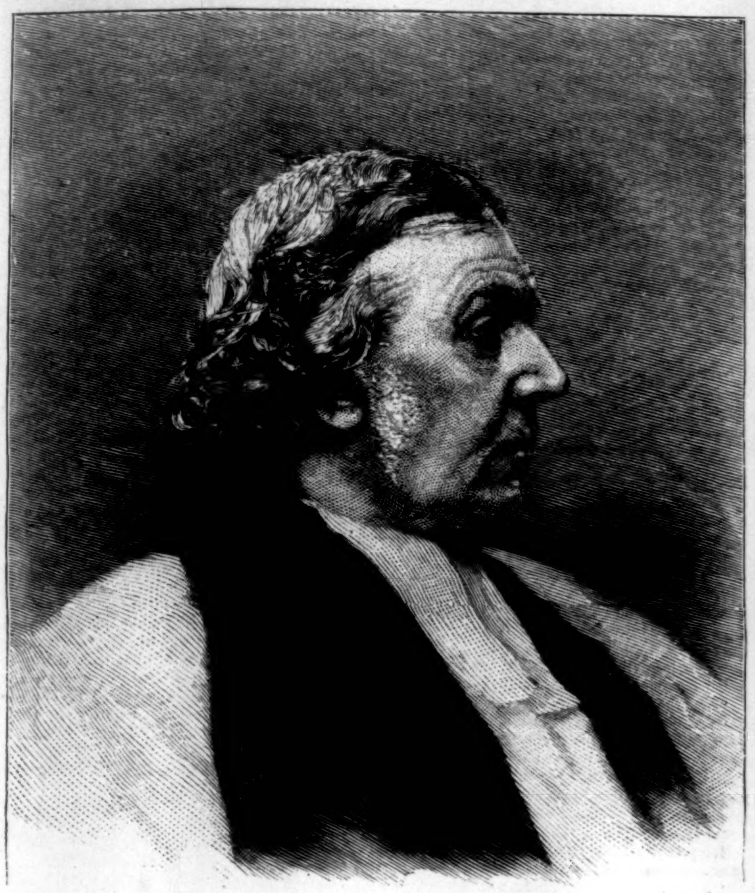
—As was to be expected, candidates for the presidency of Girard College are becoming more numerous as the day approaches for the filling of that much coveted position. Among other prominent aspirants are Professor Riche, principal of the High School; Professor Gregory, of Blairstown, New Jersey; and Professor Fetterhoff, vice-president of the college.

—The theological department of Vanderbilt University will receive as residuary legatee of the late Mrs. Sarah E. Anderson, of Memphis, Tennessee, about $125,000.

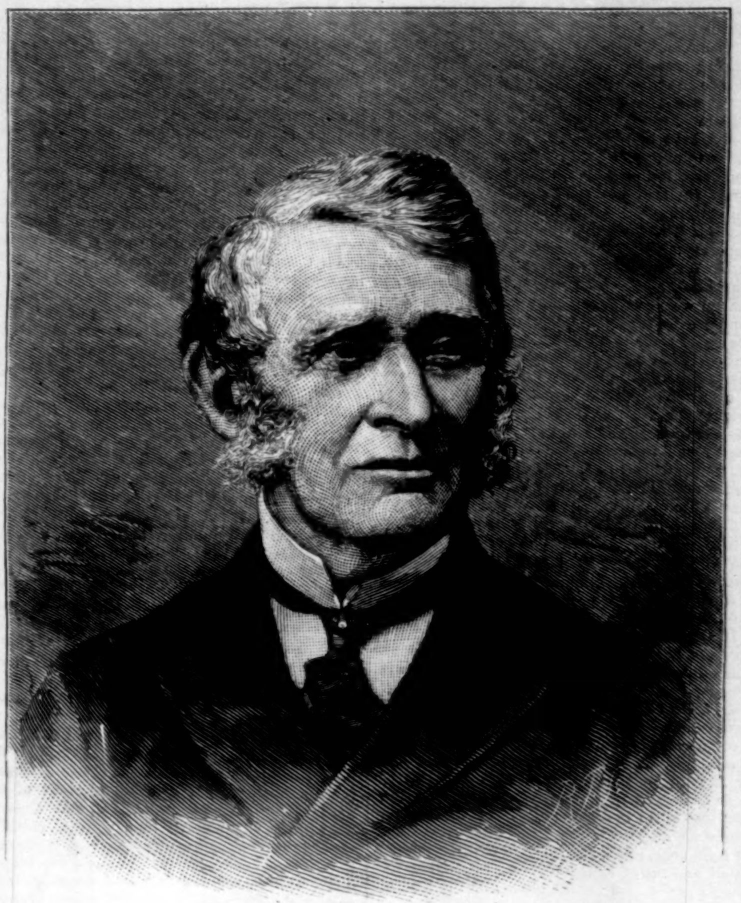
—We are making religious history right rapidly, but whether rightly or not must be decided later. On Thanksgiving-day, in Philadelphia, the Baptists and Jews got together in the pleasantest possible way. The Rev. Dr. Magoun preached in a Jewish synagogue to a mixed congregation, composed partly of his own congregation and partly of the regular attendants on the synagogue. Rabbi Jastrow offered prayers in Hebrew, and read from the Old Testament Scriptures. Dr. Magoun preached on David, and held up Judaism as the fountain of revelation, containing all the germs of all that has been developed into the Christian religion. This is said to be the first time in history that a congregation of Christians and Israelites have worshipped together in the same sanctuary, led by both their ministers.


Railway Conductor
No 1 - The Peasant
No 2 - The Recruit
No 3 The Perfect Soldier
Cabman
5869
Policeman
KK
Street Vendors
C.S.R

CHARACTER SKETCHES IN GERMANY.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 799.]



DR. ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL TAIT, LATE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
[SEE PAGE 802.]

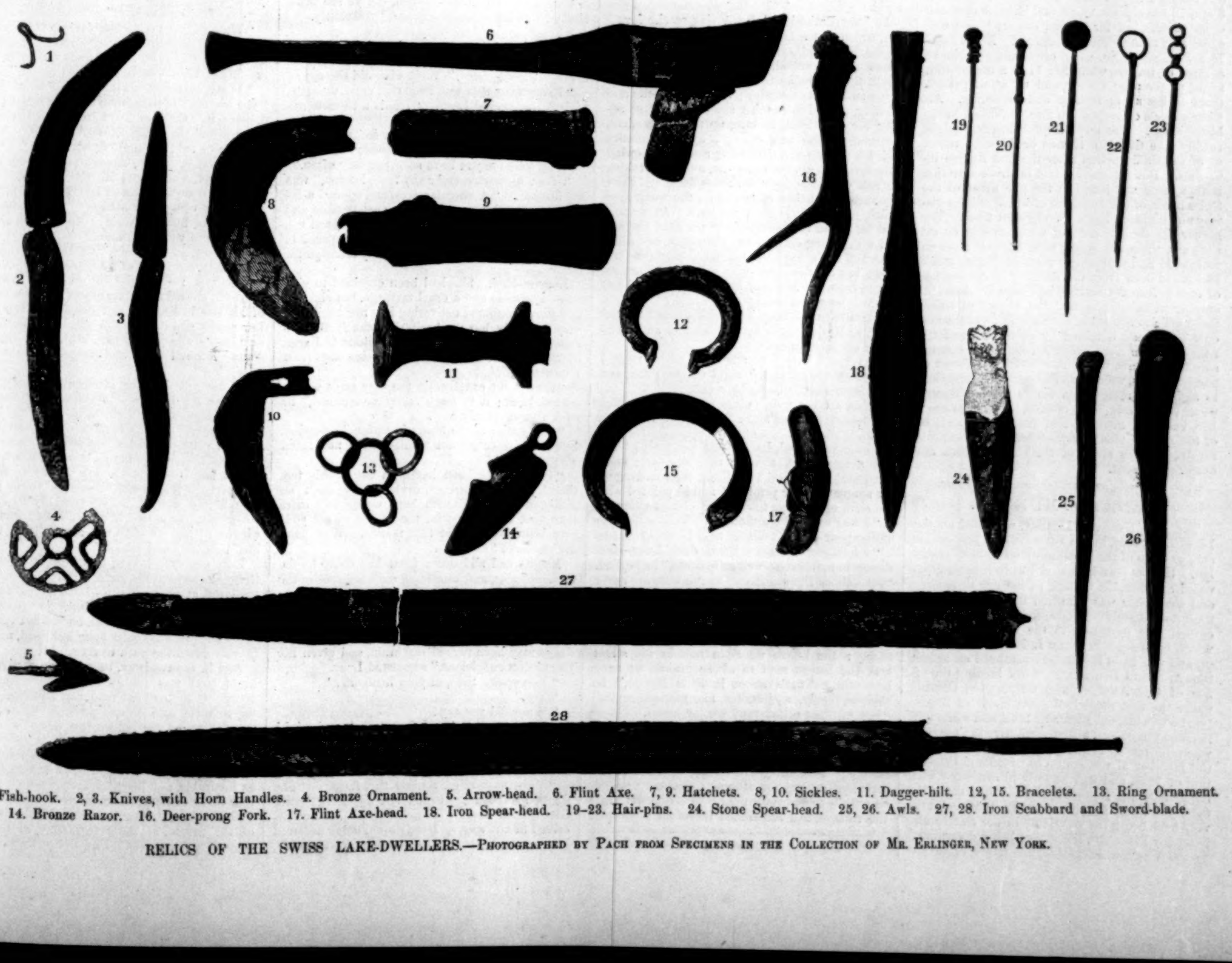


HENRY C. MURPHY.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRANK E. PEARSALL.—[SEE PAGE 798.]

## THE PILE-BUILDINGS OF SWITZERLAND.

AMONG the most interesting facts bearing on the earliest life of the human race upon the earth are those developed by the researches into the structures based on piles in the Swiss lakes. Not that these structures are unknown elsewhere. They exist in Denmark, in the peat bogs of Ireland, in Iceland, and in the sub-Alpine lakes of Italy; but those of Switzerland have the peculiarity of presenting by themselves at certain points relics of the stone age alone, while at other points are found relics of the bronze age and of the iron age, the latter coming down close to the verge, if not across the dividing line, of known history. A careful comparative study of the relics of the pile-buildings of Switzerland, particularly when taken in connection with those of the Italian lakes, serves to give suggestions at least, hints of considerable value and of intense interest, as to the period in the existence of man concerning which there is not only no authentic written record, but upon which not even the vague light of legend and tradition has rested. The terms "stone age," "bronze age," and "iron age" have, of course, only a relative significance. It is quite impossible to assign to either of them a definite limit, or to calculate, except in a similar conjectural manner, the space of time which any or all of them cover. It has even been questioned whether they have an entirely fixed sequence, and whether they may not indicate in reality different conditions of the race at the same period of time; but there is now a substantial agreement among students of the subject that the stone age was the earliest, the bronze next, and the iron the latest. On the other hand, there have been attempts of a very ingenious character to estimate in centuries the duration of these periods, and some of these have made the two earliest cover something like 7500 years; but, at the present stage of the investigation, these do not deserve confidence. We must be content with reasonable assurance as to the order in time.

It is in this connection, as has been remarked, that the very extensive and patient researches in the Swiss lakes have proved extremely profitable and instructive, and we present our readers this week with drawings of some of the implements of industry and war and some of the ornaments which have been found in these strange structures. It is common to refer to the structures as



1. Fish-hook. 2, 3. Knives, with Horn Handles. 4. Bronze Ornament. 5. Arrow-head. 6. Flint Axe. 7, 9. Hatchets. 8, 10. Sickles. 11. Dagger-hilt. 12, 15. Bracelets. 13. Ring Ornament. 14. Bronze Razor. 16. Deer-prong Fork. 17. Flint Axe-head. 18. Iron Spear-head. 19–23. Hair-pins. 24. Stone Spear-head. 25, 26. Awls. 27, 28. Iron Scabbard and Sword-blade.

RELICS OF THE SWISS LAKE-DWELLERS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY PACH FROM SPECIMENS IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. ERLINGER, NEW YORK.

"lake-dwellings," and to the people who used them as "lake-dwellers"; but while there is some evidence that a portion of them were permanent human habitations, it is more probable that most of them were used either temporarily as refuges or for some special purpose, as for magazines of implements, stores, and animals. This is rendered the more probable from the fact that human remains have been extremely scarce, limited, we believe, to two skulls, both those of children, and to one skeleton of a person not more than eight years old. Had the structures been dwellings habitually used, this would hardly be the case, though it is possible that the occupants, whether temporary or permanent, may have burned their dead. What is known is that near the present or ancient shores of the Swiss lakes are found areas in which wooden piles, varying in diameter from five to ten inches, have been sunk, their tops being some three to six feet below the present surface. These piles have been sometimes driven into an ooze bottom, and often have rested on a rock bed, and been sustained by stones piled about them. Within these pile-covered areas, or immediately near their edges, there have been found numerous relics of human life—weapons, utensils, in stone, in bronze, in iron, in deer's horn, in rude pottery made without the wheel; grain and bread carbonized, the seeds of fruits, and the bones of wild or of domesticated animals—among the latter those of species of the cow, the swine, and the horse. Of the animals some of the species are now extinct, and the same is true of at least one of the fruits—the "water-chestnut."

In the regions where are found only the stone relics, or such as could be combined from stone and other accessible materials, the implements found are necessarily of a very simple character. No. 17, for instance, is a fair example. It consists of a small flat stone, ground by friction to a comparatively sharp edge—the stone being an erratic pebble of dionite, of serpentine, quartzite, or like mineral; this was set into a socket of bone or deer's horn, the latter being the stronger, and that again into a wooden handle. In other forms the intermediate socket is made from stone or solid bone, and a great deal of patience and no small amount of skill are shown in making the double perforation for the blade and the handle, which must have been done, it is believed, by flakes of hard flints set about the end of a round rod, and turned upon the material of the socket. No. 6 is an axe of considerable size, made in the same general fashion. With these are found a species of heavy awls made from deer's horn, such as Nos. 25 and 26, one of which is pierced at the upper end, and a fork of stag's horn, No. 16. No. 5 is an arrow-head, with barbs.

Coming down to the age of bronze, we have a greater variety and a different conception both of use and form in the objects found. No. 9, for instance, is the blade of a hatchet, with two lapels, or folding lips, through which the helve passed, being possibly additionally secured by a rivet through the "lunule," or crescent-shaped opening formed at the upper end. Nos. 27 and 28 are the scabbard and blade of a sword, showing a very decided advance in workmanship and in design. Nos. 19 to 23 are hair-pins, all but one having a form considerably developed. Nos. 8 and 10 are sickles, small, and simpler than the other objects, but far beyond the art which was equal only to the stone implements. Nos. 12 and 15 are bracelets, No. 13 an ornament, and No. 14 a razor of bronze, while No. 11 is a dagger-hilt, all of pronounced variety, and no small pretensions to beauty in fashion and modelling. All these objects correspond to those produced in the historic age. The most careful observer might readily take them for Roman or Etruscan relics, or of the Gallic period after the first Roman invasions. But the curious fact in this connection is that these are found in the pile areas of the Swiss lakes, of the existence of which neither history nor tradition bears the slightest trace. The higher the development of workmanship or art shown in them, the longer must the race have remained in these strikingly peculiar places, which had faded even from the memory or the legends of men before the historic age began. And still another peculiarity is that the bronze of which these articles are made contains tin, which could only have been obtained by commerce, and the nearest region from which it could have come is sub-Alpine Italy, where like relics are found of pile structures, which also had been absolutely lost to sight and recollection before records, though never so shadowy, were opened. Thus the problem, vast and intricate and fascinating as it is, of the date of man's appearance on the earth is involved in the study of the objects which our drawings present.

## HENRY C. MURPHY.

The Hon. Henry C. Murphy, who died on the 1st of December, in the seventy-third year of his age, was one of the best-known citizens of Brooklyn. He was born in that city July 1, 1810, graduated at Columbia College at the age of twenty, and soon after was admitted to the bar, and almost immediately entered actively upon a political career. He took part in the noted Convention which nominated William L. Marcy for Governor, and was from his earliest manhood an ardent though liberal Democrat. After holding the office of City Attorney and Corporation Counsel under the first municipal government of Brooklyn, he was elected Mayor in 1842, and while still in office was chosen a Representative in Congress, where he served two terms. He was an influential member of the State Constitutional Convention of 1846, and was heartily in sympathy with the Democratic ideas which were then ingrafted upon the State government. In 1852 he came very near being the candidate of the Democratic party for President, the choice being determined by the Virginia delegation, which preferred Mr. Pierce by only one vote. Had that vote gone to Mr. Murphy, the history of the nation might have been changed, for he was not the man to have yielded to the slave power, which Mr. Pierce did. In 1857 Mr. Murphy was sent as Minister to the Hague, where he resided four years, finding time for extensive and curious studies in the early Dutch literature relating to the New York colony. In 1861, on his return from Holland, he was elected to the State Senate, where he remained for twelve years. During the war his general attitude was that of a loyal Democrat. He was a trusted adviser of Governor Seymour, and it was largely due to his influence that the work of furnishing troops for the Union army was kept up under that administration. He was also a pronounced opponent, at the time, of the legal-tender currency, believing that the full strength of the government could be better utilized by the maintenance of a specie basis. During his service in the Senate he obtained the passage of the bill for the Brooklyn Bridge, and was afterward chosen President of the Board of Trustees.

Mr. Murphy was a patient and intelligent student, and an indefatigable collector of books, particularly Americana. He left a library of some four thousand volumes relating to the early history of America, and particularly to the early voyages of discovery and to the annals of the New Netherlands. He made several valuable translations, which were published: *De Vries's Voyages from Holland in* 1632 *and* 1634; *Broad Advice to the United Netherland Provinces; Anthology of New Netherlands;* and *Journal of a Voyage to New York, and a Tour in Several of the American Colonies, in* 1679–80, *by Jasper Dankers and Peter Sluyter, of Wieward; in Friesland.* He left unfinished a *History of Early Maritime Discovery in America*, on which he had expended a great deal of labor, and for which he possessed very extensive and varied materials. In society Mr. Murphy was quiet, but genial and attractive, and his home near Bay Ridge, "o'erlooking the tranquil bay," was for years a charming resort for an extensive circle, including many of the most scholarly Americans. As a public speaker his manner was marked by a peculiar subdued earnestness and at times intensity of expression in voice and countenance. He was a careful and deliberate debater, and exercised a marked influence in the State Senate, even when his party was in the minority. His death was the occasion of many marks of public esteem on the part of the various corporations with which he was connected, and the city government of Brooklyn.

# THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.*

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Coward Conscience," "Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity," etc.

## BOOK THE SECOND.

### FIVE YEARS AFTERWARD.

### CHAPTER VII.

DISTURBED.

As Lucy Brake had left her sire, so she found him, which was a fact which surprised her a little, the Reverend Alexander Larcom's every-day habits being methodical and business-like. As a rule, the Methodist parson was not a man to sit in the sun all the morning; he was energetic and bustling, partial to running about the village angling for proselytes, looking up the backsliders, encouraging the new converts by his presence and his patronage: altogether a man somewhat obtrusive and always energetic, and only taking his rest when the day's work was done, and there were crimson lights of sunset on the waterways which drained the great fen-land. At such a time he would rest, generally in his shirt sleeves, and with a long clay pipe in his mouth, and think over his day's work or his next Sunday's sermon; but on this particular day he had not removed from the position in which Lucy had left him two hours before.

"You have not been here all the time?" asked Lucy, as Morice ran to her grandfather and clambered upon his knees.

"Ay, but I have," he answered, as his rugged features softened at the sight of the child, and were momentarily lit up by a smile.

"You are not well," cried Lucy, always quick to suspect disaster since the day of the great shock.

"I am vary weel, Lucy," was the reply; "but just a leetle sick o' wark this morning; more deesposed for a good long think than looking up my sluggards over yonder;" and he pointed with the stem of his pipe toward the distant village.

"I was afraid for a moment. This—this is so unlike your usual fashion," said Lucy.

"Farsheens change a great deal, Lucy—farsheens in manners as well as in dress," he replied. "Sometimes I'm deesposed to think we are never twice alike. The follies of one day become the habits of the next; the vartues of yesterday look in the light of to-morrow like obstinacy or sin; the wise man of a week ago becomes the fool of to-day; the knave we shun now in the street was the honest man to whose praises we sang last year. That's aboot it, little Morice," he said, suddenly, addressing his granddaughter; "but ye'll not understand me yet aweel."

Lucy was not accustomed to hear her father discourse at any length out of the pulpit, and never to hear him in this distrustful, dissatisfied manner. Something had surely happened to disturb him during her absence; but she proceeded quietly to ascertain the cause. She went into the cottage, and remainded there till their little handmaiden had prepared the dinner, when she summoned him and Morice to their early meal.

At the dinner table she said,

"Has any one called this morning?"

"John Woodhatch looked in. That is all," the father answered.

"Indeed! How strange!"

"I don't see anything vary remarkable in it meeself," he said, satirically, "seeing he is never within half a mile of us but he comes on. Not for my sake altogether; and if he had known ye had been away, it's more than posseeble he would have given me a wide berth this morning."

"He did not tell me he had seen you. That is why it appears strange to me," said his daughter, by way of explanation.

"Ye have met him, then?"

"Yes."

"Before ye had seen Miss Brake, or afterward?"

"Afterward."

"And he did not say we had had a leetle argument—a few words even—on an old subject?"

"No, no. Oh, father, you have not quarrelled with your old friend!" exclaimed Lucy, in alarm.

"I was a leetle hot and deesputatious; so was he, being a most orbsteenate man; but we did not quarrel exactly. He made me wroth," said the father, "because he would not be conveenced by sensible argument. That's like John Woodhatch, mark ye, Lucy; his own way, whether right or wrong. That's John."

"What did you argue about?" asked Lucy.

"Ye'll know in time. As John did not mention to ye that he had seen me this morning, perhaps the less we talk about it the better," he said.

"Was it anything concerning me, I wonder?"

"No, it was not," he answered, very shortly.

"Was it—"

"Lucy, do you think I'm going to sit here to be cross-exameened by my own child?" he cried, angrily now. "I tell ye I have never put up wi' that, and I never will. Never!" and thump came the handle of the knife on the table, making plates and glasses dance and jingle, and bringing tears from Morice.

Lucy soothed her child with a few words and caresses, and then said,

"I was not cross-examining you, father; I was only curious to learn what had disturbed you and depressed you."

"I'm not depressed."

"And I shall learn in time. You or John will tell me," she added.

"It's not much of a secret, but I must keep it till John speaks of it himself," said the father. "You and I have never had perfect confidence between us—always something which has set us a bit apart—father and child as we are."

"Oh, father!" cried Lucy, "you are thinking of five years ago. Is that right, or fair to me?"

"Well, well, no," he answered, quietly. "Don't mind me, Lucy, any more. That confounded John has upset me altogether. I'm not quite meeself. There! I own it, girl; and there's an end of the matter."

"And you have not quarrelled with Mr. Woodhatch?"

"Bless my soul! no. It's not the first stormy heap of words I have had with the most pig-headed and conceited— Well, did ye see Miss Brake?" he asked, suddenly and irrelevantly.

"Yes."

"And found her an angular, three-cornered kind of a woman, too. I can tell that by your downcast looks, Lucy. Well, what did she say?"

"Everything that was hard and cruel and suspicious," answered Lucy. "She is a terrible woman."

"John Woodhatch does not say so," replied the Methodist. "I don't say so meeself."

"She tells me you have seen her very often."

"Yes; in Boston and away from Boston," was the answer. "A singular creature, spoiled a little, and soured a great deal by past trouble and a life-long illness; but one of the few good women in the world, for all that, I am deesposed to believe, Lucy. Did she give you any message for me?"

Lucy started. She had been enjoined to give one—a terrible and a cruel message, but she had had grave doubts of delivering it. She hesitated, very naturally, but the hesitation was fatal. Alexander Larcom's shrewd perceptions had seen at once that there was something being kept from him again.

"Give it me exactly—in the very same words, please, Lucy; it is more easily understood," he said, almost sternly now.

"She spoke in the heat of passion," remarked Lucy; "she could not think—could not mean what she said."

"Oh, ye have been having a few words too, then," said Mr. Larcom, dryly. "Ye can't sit still and be pelted with hard words any more than your father, and for the reason ye are your own father's child, for that matter. Well, what did she say?"

Morice had slid down from her chair by the mother's side, and was busy with her doll in the corner of the room, but Lucy looked timidly toward her, as if it were not well or safe to speak of the dark past before even so young a child.

"She is mad, I think. My poor husband's death may have turned her brain, and given her the wildest suspicions," suggested Lucy.

"You spoke, then, of your husband?"

"Yes."

"What did you say?"

"I told her that in my first despair and grief I thought John Woodhatch might have killed him," she said, in a low whisper, "and she was angry with me."

"Very naturally," replied the father. "She fights his battles, as well she may. A better friend than John, a stancher friend, if not deceived in any way, as Morris and Fladge deceived him, a truer heart, a more generous, warm-souled, obstinate deevil of a man, does not exeest, in or out of Lincolnshire. But go on, Lucy; ye deevarge, child—ye deevarge so confoundedly that I don't know what I'm saying. What is her message to me?"

"That she suspects you," replied Lucy.

Mr. Larcom sat back from the table, with his eyes glaring at Lucy, and his big-veined hands both clinched into fists upon the table.

"She suspects ME—of the murder—of Morris!" he exclaimed, in little gasps, at last.

"Yes, she is even wicked enough for that."

"Did she say why?"

"I will tell you all, father," said Lucy. "It is a bitter subject with me, but it is fair and right we should know who thinks ill or well of us."

"It puts us on our guard," he answered, slowly.

"And we tell enemies from friends," added Lucy.

"Sometimes, not always," came the slow response.

In a few words, spoken very hurriedly, as though the subject were too full of pain and horror to dwell upon at length, Lucy related the story of the strange meeting with Hester Brake upon the sands at Skegs Shore, of all that the invalid had said, and all the daughter had replied in her indignation and defense. Alexander Larcom was a bad listener, and inclined, as a rule, to break in with his own comments and hot replies to anything and everything which jarred upon his views of the subject in dispute; but he listened patiently to Lucy's recital, with the furrows in his face deepening as he listened. When Lucy had finished he was silent for a while, like a man whose pride had been utterly crushed, or whose astonishment was too deep for words yet.

"How little we know what our friends think of us, Lucy," he said at last, "or how awfully we may be misjudged at any period of our career, misjudging others in our turn, too, and God forgiving us all, let us hope, for utter lack of weesdom."

"She is a mad woman, father. Think no more of her suspicions."

"You don't, surely?" he inquired.

"I do not. Oh! no, no. Is it likely?"

"Yes, she is very mad," he said; "and I have always thought so well of Hester Brake! The best of a bad family—the best of all of them, Lucy. And her mind is turned at last, then. Poor Hester! poor woman!"

"Tell me of her family and Morris's, father," Lucy entreated. "How did you know her first?"

"Ah! ye must ask her or John Woodhatch to tell ye that," he said. "It's— Well, what is it, girl?" he cried to the small domestic, who entered at this moment. "Can't ye knock, instead of bouncing in like a fire-wark upon us? Ye'll never learn manners till the crack of doom, I fancy."

"If you please, Mrs. Brake, Mr. Gregory Dorward wants particularly to see you," said the domestic, by way of general reply.

"Mr. Dorward!" repeated Lucy to herself.

### CHAPTER VIII.

A LAST APPEAL.

"Ask Mr. Dorward to step in," said Mr. Larcom to the servant at once; but Lucy added, very quickly,

"No; I will go to him."

"Wa'al," said the father, dryly, "if it's any secret that ye wish to keep back from me—and ye were always fond of hiding away the truth from the father, Lucy—perhaps ye had better."

"There, you distrust me again," cried Lucy; "you are always hard upon me, and when I least deserve it. Gregory Dorward may have something to tell me about Morris."

"Good Lard! it's nothing but Morris," moaned the Methodist. "It's enough to turn your brain, girl. Why, what about Morris?"

"Greg is on the clew at last, I hope," she said, in a hasty whisper in his ear. "You know how quick he is, how far-seeing; but he will say nothing before you, I am sure."

"Yes, a close customer," Mr. Larcom remarked. "Ye think too much of him, Lucy, surely."

"Do you not admire his character yourself, father?" she asked. "Have you not often spoken of his rise in life, his cleverness? Why, only a few weeks ago did you not allude to him in your sermon as the young man who, with one fair chance offered him, had turned from evil to good?"

"I was not thinking of Greg Dorward, child," answered Mr. Larcom; "I am not so particularly fond of him, shining light as he is in John Woodhatch's eyes. I don't dispute Greg's clever, that he isn't even overclever for twenty-one years of age, that the change in him is wanderful, but still he's a lad I don't take vary kindly to myself; and perhaps it's as well ye see the young gentleman in the garden, Lucy, especially as he's on horseback," he added, after a glance through the window; "and we can't ask him to bring the animal into the front parlor."

Lucy was surprised at this fatherly estimate of Greg Dorward's character—the new character produced at Skegs Shore—but she had not time to continue the discussion then. She passed into the garden, with a little sun-bonnet set very carelessly and yet gracefully upon her head, and went quickly down the path to meet him.

And in the roadway, bestriding a restive black horse that was prancing and curvetting very gracefully all over the road, and absolutely refusing to stand still on any pretense whatever, was Greg Dorward, the lad we saw last at Farm Forlorn, a restless, untamed, dangerous specimen of juvenile depravity, fresh from a reformatory, and none the better for it, sent out a failure, labelled as incurable, and thought hardly worth the further study of honest earnest men.

Could this be Greg Dorward of Bolter's Rents, of the prison, of the reformatory, of the early days at Skegs Shore? Had five years worked so great a change in him that his own father and mother would not have known him, that Mr. Fretwell would have gasped in wonderment at, that even John Woodhatch, proud of his own teaching and his theory, was inclined to think at times a something hardly pertaining to the active life about him?

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1346.

It was a handsome young fellow on horseback, a casual observer would have thought at that distance; Greg was slightly above the middle height, of a well-made and lissom figure, the very picture of a dashing horseman who set off the thoroughbred he bestrode, as it assisted to set him off. When he leaped to the ground and came closer, there was a difference in him—and possibly to his disadvantage—though it was not so easy to point out where the difference lay.

Still it was a handsome face, but singularly, almost painfully resolute, a face that looked at life ahead unflinchingly, as a soldier might look charging onward, regardless of the enemies before him, or of the death from the cannon's mouth which awaited him, as a strong man might look brought to bay and still defiant, as Ajax might have looked, as Napoleon. It seemed the face of a man determined to make his way in the world, who had made up his mind, early in life, to move to a given point—whether for good or evil, who could tell?—and was still proceeding persistently toward it, at all risks and over every obstacle, with his ears closed to the warnings, the vituperations, the wise counsel, the foolish suggestions, the ever-noisy babble of the crowd through which he clave his way. There seemed something of John Woodhatch's steady grave looks in the young man now, as if living with the master, constant association with him, earnest application to all that he had taught, complete submission to his training—as the training agreed with him and his own projects for advancement—had set a mark upon him which, at a distance again, reminded one of John Woodhatch, and might have led a few folk to imagine that this was John Woodhatch's son.

Standing at arm's-length, Greg Dorward's looks would have scarcely pleased every one: they were not perfect; at times they were repellent; the firmness of expression looked like obstinacy—like John Woodhatch's obstinacy, even; the forehead, though broad, was far too low to please all tastes; and the keen dark eyes had a furtive cast in them at times which was not pleasant to confront, and which reminded the master of Farm Forlorn of the day when the boy emerged from his solitary cell, dazzled at the light, but unsubdued and dangerous. Well, this was an occasional expression only, and John Woodhatch thought his favorite was growing out of it by degrees, though it would never wholly leave him in excited moments. Still, Greg was a striking example of the master's training, and John was very proud of him. Here was one grand success at last in this clever, faithful, earnest, resolute Greg Dorward. Greg added no particular degree of lightness and sweetness to the life at Farm Forlorn. If he were graver and more silent than his years warranted; if at times he were disposed to shut himself in his room night after night, and study and wrestle with the books with which John Woodhatch had amply provided him; if he studied the color from his face, and took deep dark circles underneath his eyes in consequence—that was all sure evidence of progress, and life was not a laughing matter with this strange young fellow. The shadows of the terrible streets in which he had been taught to beg and steal would surely fall athwart him in his new career, and there would be, despite his self-will, no wholly passing from them into the bright, open land where lives less checkered than his own could exist and laugh and be happy in their very ignorance of evil. They talked of Greg's cleverness at Skegs Shore, in the market towns beyond, or the city of Lincoln itself, and wherever Greg went upon his master's business; there was something almost akin to genius in the readiness with which he seized upon the salient points of a bargain or a contract; and his knowledge of horses, his accuracy of judgment respecting them, and his skill as a rider reminded long-memoried folk of Morris Brake, who had also profited vastly by the master's teaching before he had been hustled out of life.

And it was this young, strong, decisive-looking fellow who, with his horse's bridle over his arm, advanced toward Lucy Brake, raised his felt hat in gentlemanly fashion, and bowed courteously over the hand which had been extended to meet his own—just in the faintest degree unwillingly, his acute perceptions told him.

"Ah, you are offended with me, Mrs. Brake!" he said, in quick sharp tones that might have reminded one again of Mr. Woodhatch, as though he had caught the "trick of it" by association also; "you have already judged me before I have had time to say a word in my defense."

"Oh no, I am not offended," Lucy Brake hastened to say, and with a heightened color. "What have I to take offense at? What has your life to do with mine in any way, Greg, save that you have my best wishes for its prosperity?"

"You sent me your best wishes this morning," he replied.

"Yes."

"By Kitty Vanch? So Mr. Woodhatch told me."

"Yes; by Miss Vanch," Lucy repeated, "whom I saw for the first time this morning, and heard for the first time that you were engaged to marry."

"I will explain," he answered; "I have ridden over to explain."

"I have no right to any explanation," she said, "and I do not require any."

"Pardon me, but you do."

"No, no."

"I asked you a few weeks back," he said, earnestly, "if you could let me look forward—in two years hence, and not in willful haste—to becoming your lover, your husband, and I thought that being two years your junior would not detract from my chance of happiness, the suitor being terribly older than his years, as you know—as God knows."

"Yes, but I told you then, Greg," she said, recoiling a step at his vehemence, "that I could never love anything but my poor husband's memory, and I bade you forget me, and think no more of one so unfitted to you in every way as I am."

"I know what you said, Lucy; I remember every word," he said. "I am not likely to forget anything that has been told me by you. I accepted my dismissal; I knew it was final, and the end of one folly, perhaps my last folly, had come. So much the better for me and my future, I thought, that it has come so early. But still an explanation is due to you, lest you should think me an utter scoundrel."

"I do not think so, Greg, you know," she responded.

"Thank you. I am glad you do me justice," he replied.

"Still, I do not understand your engagement, or why you should have come to me talking like a man free to marry whom he chose," said Lucy, thoughtfully.

"Lucy," he said, "I thought I was free. I did not dream this marriage would be insisted upon by Mr. Woodhatch, or that he had made up his mind to it years ago."

"Indeed!" said Lucy. "Then Kate Vanch—"

He continued, as she paused:

"—Is from the same past. John Woodhatch saved us both—saved us, as he says now, for each other; meaning well by us, but forgetting how lives change and hearts are moved. At times," he added, with a momentary frown, "he forgets everything but his own plans."

"Why should he wish you to marry Miss Vanch?" asked Lucy. "What particular interest is it to him?"

"It is his idea of right," answered Greg—"a poetic fancy," he added, almost with a sneer. "Our lives were one as boy and girl: we were always together; we starved and stole together; we were cruelly ill-treated together, and we plotted together against those who ill-treated us. As boy and girl we loved each other desperately, and hated everybody else. We fought and schemed and lied for each other always; it was only our being suddenly cast adrift when children that saved us from the devil. Forgive me if I am too bold in my explanation, Lucy; but I would have you know the truth of it, at any cost to me. There is the miserable history of it all."

"And now?" said Lucy.

"And now this strange, awful, good man—I own his goodness freely, for he has made my life what it is, and I am grateful to him—faces us at last with his command, as though we had no wishes of our own. And by Heaven!" he exclaimed, passionately, "it seems as if we had not, struggle as we may. 'This must be,' he insists; 'it is what I have been striving for, what I bring you two together for again, what was in my mind when I set you both apart, and carried you, Greg Dorward, to my farm at Skegs Shore. It is justice,' he says."

"It is a wild romance—the romance of crime, I fear," said Lucy, with a shiver. "I wish you had not told me this; I do not understand it now entirely."

"Your life has been too far away from evil to understand it, Lucy; and you know what mine has been," he answered, very gravely. "Had I not seen you, day after day, for years, and been always drawn toward you, I should not have felt this chain upon me; perhaps have been glad it had ended thus, and thought, with Mr. Woodhatch, it was as well. But now," he cried—"but now!"

"When did you meet this—this lady again?" asked Lucy, still a little curious.

"I have not met her yet."

"Not met her!"

"I shall see her for the first time for five years to-day."

"To-day!" repeated Lucy again.

"Yes. I heard only this morning that it was resolved upon," he continued. "Mr. Woodhatch had looked forward to my great delight at the news, and I was only amazed, crushed, and helpless."

"Why helpless?"

"He would turn me away like Fladge if I said it should not be," he replied. "You know how relentless he is when the mood is on him."

"But you would not sink like poor Fladge, Greg. Not now," she said.

"I do not know how far I should sink," was the moody answer; "it is so easy to go down!"

"And you, with your energy, talk like a girl, Greg," said the wondering Lucy; "it is not like you."

"Tell me to defy him, then," he answered, looking steadily into her face, "and I will do it. Without you I must sink to any meanness, to any sacrifice of honor even, to keep my place in his regard. There, I tell you everything; I have no secrets from you. Save me if you will; give me one hope, Lucy, and I will be happy in going away from here. But, without you, sink I must!"

Lucy went back a step or two from him in alarm; the passion in his nature did not stir her own, only set him further from her. She was afraid of him: in her heart she had been ever afraid of him—possibly distrustful.

"I can give you no hope of my ever loving you, Greg. I am as sure of never marrying again as I am of standing here," she said. "My heart is in the grave with my dead Morris."

"And that is final?"

"That is final," she repeated.

"Then I shall go back," he said, as his lips compressed and turned white, "and say, 'Master, I am the slave you thought me. I will marry Kate Vanch at your bidding.'"

"It may be best for you and her," said Lucy.

"He thinks so; *he* should know," was the bitter answer.

"You have not yet consented to this arrangement, then?"

"No."

"She loves you, I believe, very truly. She is outspoken and honest; she—"

"Yes, yes, I know what she is. You are right, perhaps, but it does not give me any consolation. That I can not bear from you," he cried.

"Very well," she answered.

He seized her hand and kissed it suddenly; then he turned and sprang into the saddle, and the instant afterward was galloping furiously along the country road, lashing his horse into a greater fury still as the distance grew between them both. Lucy was still looking after him, still wondering, perhaps, at the mystery about him, and of John Woodhatch's plans for other lives, and silent plotting for what he thought in his poor finite intelligence was good for them, when Mr. Larcom came slowly from the house to her side.

"Ye have got rid of him at last, Lucy," he said.

"Yes, he has gone."

"He seemed in an odd, tear-away humor. Did he tell ye he was going to be married to Miss Brake's companion?"

"You know, then!" said Lucy, turning round.

"I knew it was in John Woodhatch's mind five years ago, and I told him then it was a foolish fancy. And," he added, "we almost quarrelled about it again this vary marning."

"It was that subject, then, upon which you had words?"

"Preceesely so."

"Poor Greg!" said Lucy; "it seems hard upon him, so far as I can make it out. But I see only through the mists."

"'Poor Greg!' did ye say, Lucy?" asked the father.

"Yes. Why not?"

"I should rather say poor Kitty!" answered Mr. Larcom.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## MOTHERHOOD.

Sweet Mary Mother, when of old an artist's dream divine
Was once to let his thought of thee in all men's eyes to shine,
He sought some peasant woman, or some dame of high degree,
And watched her brooding o'er her babe, and thus he looked on thee.

And still he saw how mother-love its precious burden bore
In plenitude of joy that swept (like tide that floods the shore)
Each fret and discord out of life—a rapture so profound
That aye where mother clasped her child that place was holy ground.

The centuries have drifted on. I read to-day the page
That kindles with its beacon-fire a hope for every age;
Betwixt the midnight and the dawn I too behold the Star
Which stands above the Bethlehem stall where Babe and Mother are.

Yet oft, like him whose canvas glowed in mediæval days
With her dear face whose matchless grace woke sternest hearts to praise,
I nearer draw to Him who came the dark world's light to be
When bent o'er some small cradle where a wee babe smiles at me.

I kiss the dimpled rosy feet by dust of earth unsoiled;
I own with awe the purity by stain of earth unspoiled;
And in her happy eyes I gaze who wears the mother's crown,
And feels within her soul a love not death itself may drown.

Madonna mia, mother sweet, in palace or in cot,
Where thou dost dwell the angels wait, and though *we* hear them not,
They softly chant a Gloria that swiftly finds its way
To Him whom, erst a human child, the heavenly hosts obey.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

## GERMAN SKETCHES.

In his second series of German sketches, printed on page 796, Mr. Reinhart shows, besides other characteristic bits of town and country life, the progress of the peasant from the field to the barrack. The shambling, ungainly plough-boy or cowherd, on arriving at the proper age, is taken in charge by the drill-sergeant. His hair is cropped short, his face clean-shaven, his uncouth country garments exchanged for a neat-fitting uniform, and he is subjected for weeks to the severest drill known to military service. At first he is incomparably dull, and subjects the sergeant's temper, rarely sweet at the best, to many sore trials. But though generally dull, the German peasant is patient and willing, and he seldom forgets what he has once thoroughly learned; and in the end he makes a model soldier, not only on the parade-ground, but on the field of battle.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

There was merry-making in an Irish quarter of St. Louis recently over the marriage of "the King of Kerry Patch." Some forty years ago the quarter was thickly settled by immigrants from County Kerry, among whom was Denis Sheahan. When the war broke out, Sheahan was a violent secessionist, and he finally got himself into prison. His release was secured by Frank P. Blair. Shortly afterward his admirers met in a brick-yard and proclaimed him "King of Kerry Patch." Before his death he asked his subjects to elect Jeffry Powers to succeed him until his son Jack should reach the age of twenty-one years. King Denis died in 1870, and King Jeffry was crowned in 1872. Jeffry abdicated and went back to Ireland, and James Cullinane was chosen to reign till the heir-apparent became of age. Jack reached his majority in 1874, and was crowned amid great enthusiasm. On November 15 King Jack was married to Maggie Fyne. The wedding reception was attended by the Mayor, members of the Police Board, the Chief of Police, ex-King Cullinane, and many prominent residents of the city.

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The vintage of the California wine-producing districts this year is estimated at twelve million gallons. "Some of this will be distilled for brandy," says a writer, "and some drank at home, but the bulk will be sent eastward to be sold under foreign labels."

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A curious sale is held annually at a store-house in the Rue des Écoles, Paris. The articles sold are of two classes, such as the garments of a murdered man or the weapon with which a murder was committed, which have been offered as evidence in the trial, and are sold at the expiration of six months if they remain unclaimed; and such articles as have belonged to deceased prisoners, or have been found and delivered to the police authorities, and have not been claimed by their owners. It is said that large prices are often paid for property that has belonged to notorious criminals.

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Conversation in which Oscar Wilde is said to have been the first speaker, and a Cincinnati girl the second:

"Oh, don't you think 'nice' is a nasty word?"

"And do you think 'nasty' is a nice word?"

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The superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park complains to the Secretary of the Interior of the vandalism of visitors to that region. "What are we to think," he asks, "of a man that will bring long poles, as heavy as he can carry, a great distance, for the purpose of thrusting them into the cones and down the throats of these great geysers, when the only possible effect must be to obstruct their flow and mar their beauty?" Perhaps the great American traveller carves his name on the poles. He must carve it somewhere, and he could not carve it on the columns of spouting water. "The cones of the geysers," the superintendent goes on, "are already badly defaced. Besides, vast tracts of beautiful forests that adorn this wonder-land are laid waste by fire annually through the wanton carelessness and neglect of visitors." Another cause of complaint is the depredation of hunters, who disregard all game-laws.

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A woman lecturer and her daughter wanted to go from one Missouri town to another, but missed the train. She asked to be permitted to ride in the caboose of a freight train on which were cattle cars. Permission was refused, and she then insisted on shipping herself and daughter as live stock. They were weighed, ticketed, and sent on, consigned to the editor of the paper in the town which was their destination.

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While there have been many instances of persons dropping into satire while making their wills, the books in which deeds transferring property are recorded seldom bear evidence of indulgence of a satirical propensity. An instance, however, of the latter is reported from West Virginia. *A deed of a piece of land known as the* Lava Beds, which has been in litigation for many years, describes the property as bounded "on the north by a receiver, on the east by an assignee, on the west by a trustee, and on the south by an injunction."

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A curious Thanksgiving story comes from the western part of this State. There was a raffle for fatted geese on Thanksgiving eve, which was followed by much drinking of intoxicants. A free fight ensued, in which each combatant's weapon was a goose. The strife was hot and protracted, and all the participants came out of the conflict horribly besmeared with blood. In the morning, when they recovered from the effects of the liquor, and found themselves surrounded by evidences of a most sanguinary encounter, they began to search their persons for gaping wounds. There was thankfulness, if not thanksgiving, when they assured themselves that all the blood came from the hapless geese.

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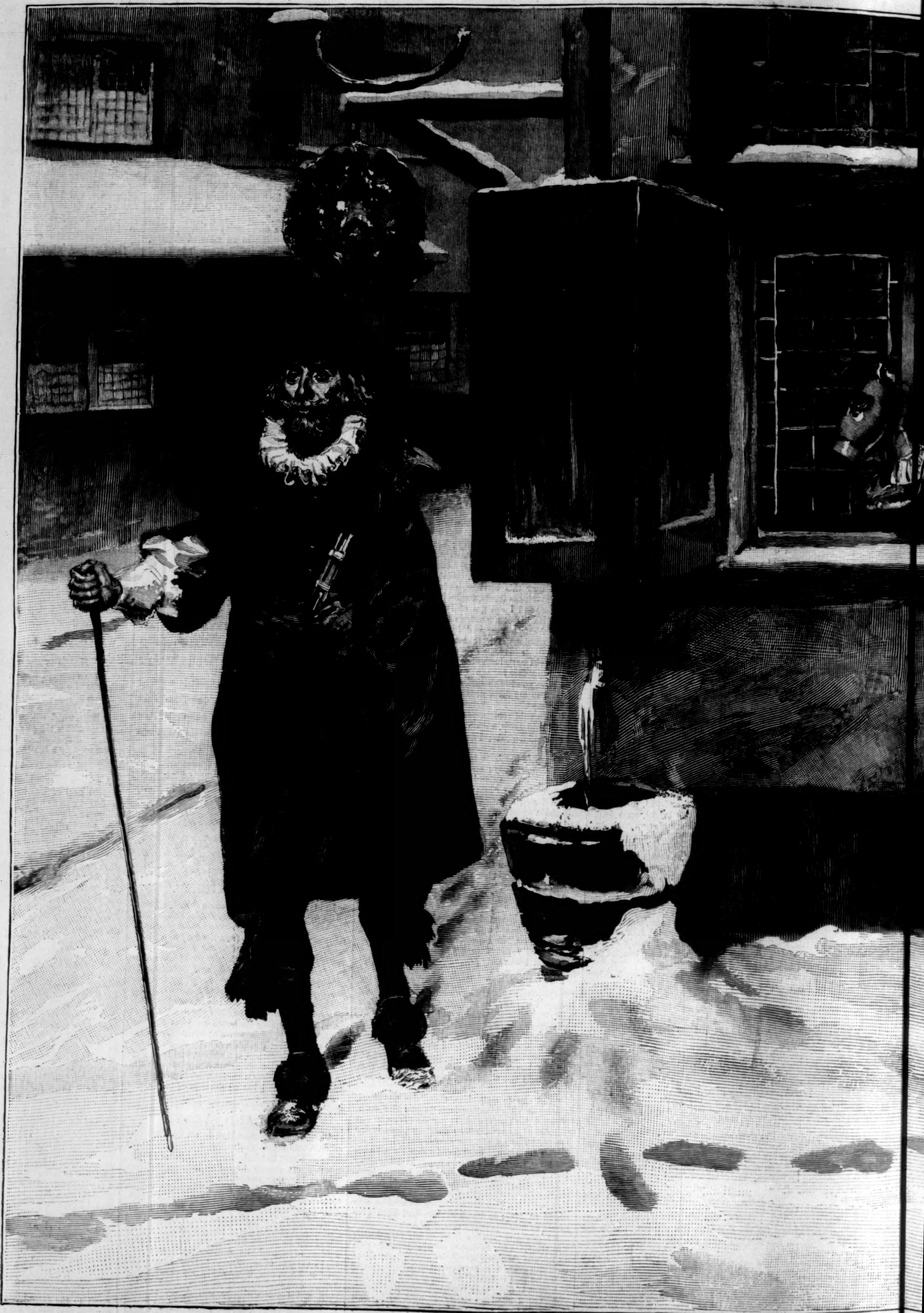
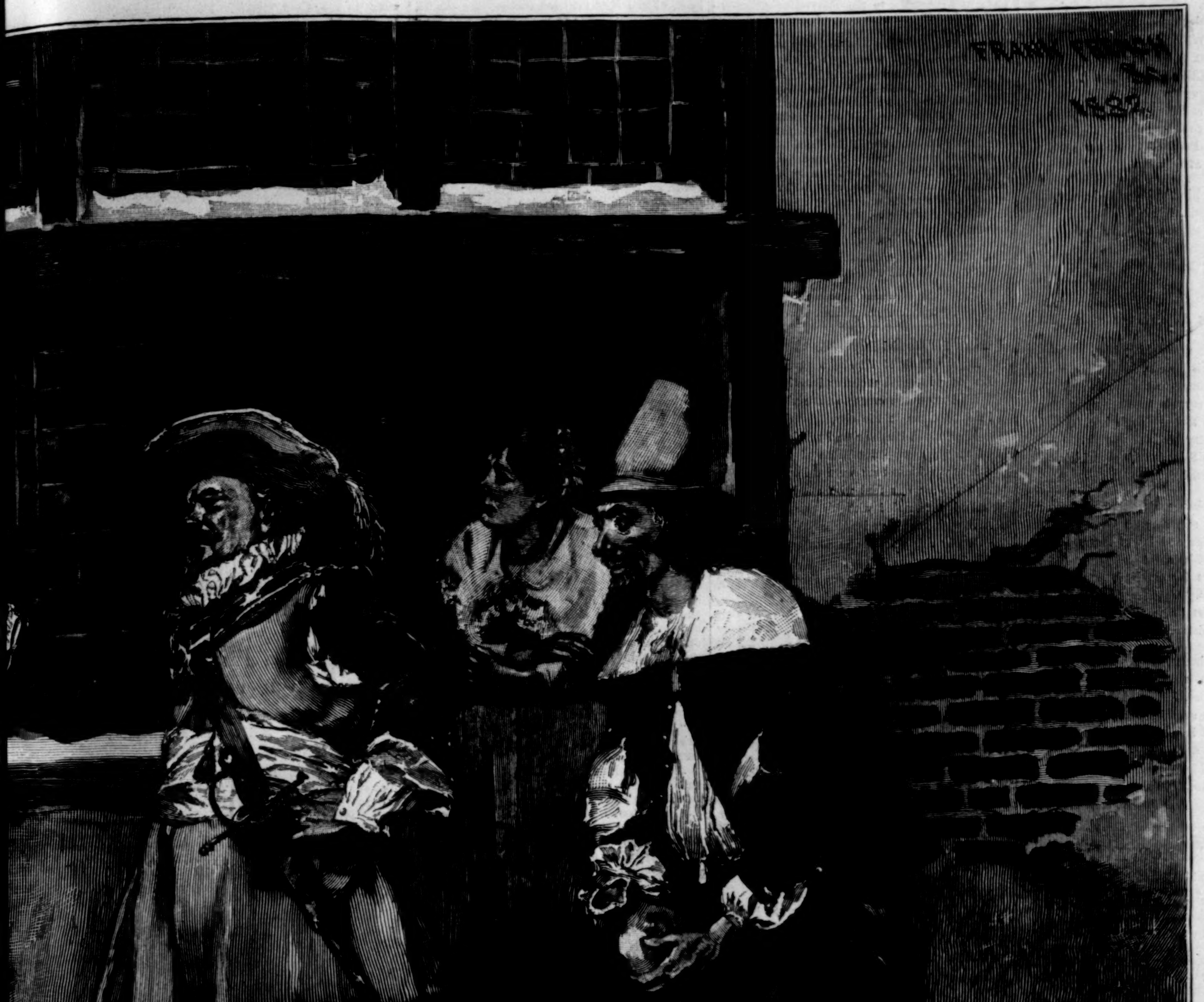
According to a story printed in the Philadelphia *Times*, the False Prophet of Soudan is Thomas Johnson, a native of Connellsville, Pennsylvania. The story has it that Johnson's father was brought from Northern Africa early in the present century in a slave-ship, and landed at Yorktown; that he escaped from slavery, and lived in the mountains near Connellsville; that he taught his son the religion of Mohammed; and that he died in Pittsburgh in 1877. In 1853 young Johnson went to Paris, enlisted in the French army, and was sent to Algiers. At the close of his term of service he joined a caravan, went to Soudan, and remained there for several years. Accidentally coming across some American newspapers that were sent to Soudan from Massachusetts wrapped around some knives and spear-heads shipped to that country, he read his first news of the civil war, and he wrote a letter to President Lincoln, offering to raise a regiment of Arabs for the Union army. The offer was not accepted. Johnson returned to America in 1865, but remained only a few months. He had great influence over the semi-civilized Moslems, and when the English invaded Egypt he proclaimed himself Iman Mahdi, the Prophet of Allah. His father's real name was Beyash el Azwah. The story has it that many descendants of those who were brought over in the slave-ship with the False Prophet's father are living in Fayette County, Pennsylvania, "whose thin lips, high foreheads, aquiline noses, superior intellectual capacity, and splendid physique stamp them at once as superior in every respect to the full-blooded negro." It is further averred that one of the False Prophet's hundred wives is an octoroon from Uniontown, who still writes to her relatives in Pennsylvania.



“MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU, OLD BAREBONES”—


FRANK FRENCH
1882
C. S. REINHART
PARIS: 80

ES"—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Poem on Page 802.]

## PRAISE-GOD-BAREBONES.

[See Double-page Illustration.]

I and my cousin Wildair met,
And tossed a pot together:
Burnt sack it was that Molly brewed,
For it was nipping weather.
'Fore George! to see Dick buss the wench
Set all the inn folk laughing!
They dubbed him Pearl of Cavaliers
At kissing and at quaffing.

"Oddsfish!" says Dick, "the sack is rare,
And rarely burnt, fair Molly;
'Twould cure the sourest Crop-ear yet
Of Pious Melancholy."
"Egad!" says I, "here cometh one
Hath been at 's prayers but lately."
Sooth, Master Praise-God-Barebones stepped
Along the street sedately.

Dick Wildair, with a swashing bow,
And touch of his Toledo,
Gave Merry Christmas to the rogue,
And bade him say his Credo,
Next crush a cup to the King's health,
And eke to pretty Molly:
"'Twill cure your Saintliness," says Dick,
"Of Pious Melancholy."

Then Master Barebones stopped and frowned;
My heart stood still a minute—
Thinks I, both Dick and I will hang,
Or else the devil's in it!
For me, I care not for old Noll,
Nor all the Rump together;
Yet, faith! 'tis best to be alive
In pleasant Christmas weather.

His worship, Barebones, grimly smiled;
"I love not blows nor brawling;
Yet will I give thee, fool, a pledge!"
And, zooks! he sent Dick sprawling!
When Moll and I helped Wildair up,
No longer trim and jolly—
"Feel'st not, Sir Dick," says saucy Moll,
"A Pious Melancholy?"

Ellen M. Hutchinson.

## ARCHBISHOP TAIT.

On Sunday morning, December 3, Archbishop Tait died, in the seventy-first year of his age, and the fourteenth since his appointment to the primacy of all England. He was a native of Edinburgh, born December 21, 1811. In 1827 he entered the University of Glasgow, and in 1830 Baliol College, Oxford. In Oxford he shone as a scholar, and was made Fellow of Baliol, Tutor, and University Examiner. Here, too, he became known as an opponent of Tractarianism, and drew upon himself the attacks of the ritualistic party, which were by no means intermitted when he became Archbishop of Canterbury. In 1843 he succeeded Dr. Thomas Arnold as Head Master of Rugby School. Dr. Arnold had lifted Rugby up to the highest rank among English schools—had, indeed, begun a new era in school work. It was difficult to follow such a predecessor, but Dr. Tait filled the position with credit for eight years. In 1850 he was appointed Dean of Carlisle, and in 1856 he succeeded Dr. Blomfield in the see of London. Holding this office twelve years, he was, upon the death of Archbishop Longley, promoted to the see of Canterbury.

The long life of Archbishop Tait was contemporaneous with the rise of the Tractarian movement in the Church of England, the organization and growth of the ritualistic party, and the frequent collisions of its members with the Anglican bishops. Dr. Tait was an opponent of Tractarianism from its beginning, and as Archbishop helped to commit the Church against the measures of the Anglo-Catholics. On this account he was severely criticised by them. Their organ, *The Church Times*, was especially hostile to the Archbishop's measures and policy. Its language in speaking of him was not always restrained, and not always decorous. By means of the Public Worship Regulation Act, whose passage he greatly influenced, persistent Ritualist clergymen have been placed under the ban of the law, and some of them have had to suffer civil penalties, which have aggravated the antagonism between them and the Church. In all these conflicts Archbishop Tait was known as a man of pronounced opinions, but was, for all, hesitating in action. The conflicts, from which there was no escape, seemed to be oppressive to him. He may have considered it his duty as far as possible to promote peace when peace could be had without the surrender of truth. In his high office, therefore, he impressed the world as a kindly and charitable Churchman, not so much engaged in guiding events as in holding fast to Church principles as he understood them. Excessive caution and the habit of delaying action prevented the Archbishop from being or from appearing to be a great Prince of the Church.

Archbishop Tait had much at heart the practical union, by sympathy, if no more, of all the branches of the Anglican communion. The two Pan-Anglican Synods held under his auspices at Lambeth contributed much to this result. Although the assembled bishops could express no more than opinion, yet the fact of their meeting together drew the bonds of fellowship closer, not only as between themselves, but also all the Christians who subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles. Some ardent Churchmen even suggested that the Archbishop of Canterbury should be designated the "Patriarch" of the Anglican Church, but this was soon dropped. When the Conference of the Evangelical Alliance was held in New York (1873), the Archbishop sent a letter to the Alliance which expressed his strong desire to live in fellowship with all true Christians in the most cordial terms. "Never," he wrote, "since the Reformation has it been more important that Christian men should learn to understand and co-operate with one another, and that they should, by the manifestation of their union in faith and good works, offer an effectual opposition to the progress of superstition and infidelity. And never has this union been more earnestly longed for than in the present day." And in this spirit the good Archbishop tried to live. He will be remembered more for this than for any positive and conclusive results of his life.

## A CHILD'S QUESTION.

'Twas the blessèd Day made holy
By the birth of Him who gave us
His dear life, and meek and lowly
Died upon the cross to save us.
In a bar-room in the city,
With much laughter and much clinking
Of their glasses—more's the pity—
Many reckless men were drinking,
And the air was foul with smoking,
And it trembled with blaspheming,
And with coarse and ribald joking,
While without the sun was gleaming
On the snow-drifts' dazzling whiteness
And the mimic rainbows showing
That, imprisoned in the brightness
Of the icicles, were glowing.

And upon the bar was seated,
Listening to the Christmas greeting
All around him, oft repeated
At each "treat" or friendly meeting,
A child, scarce more than baby,
With a face like bud unfolding:
Sad that he should on this day be
Such a dreary sight beholding!
There he sat in patient waiting,
To his father closely clinging,
When, the noise somewhat abating,
In a voice clear, sweet, and ringing,
"Papa," asked he, "what is Christmas?
Tell me why they all keep sayin'
'Merry Christmas!' 'Merry Christmas!'
Is't a game that they are playin'?"

As though struck, the father started.
What if she were lingering near them—
She, the good and tender-hearted—
And could look upon and hear them?
How she'd grieve—ay, grieve in heaven—
(Endless is the love of mothers)
O'er the artless question given
On that day above all others,
In that place! And close he caught him
In his arms—her boy—and thinking
Sadly of the lost, he brought him,
From the cursing and the drinking,
Out where the sun was glowing
On the snow-drifts' dazzling whiteness,
And the mimic rainbows showing,
Prisoned in the icy brightness,
And he vowed, his child caressing,
From that hour to mingle never
In such scenes. And, with God's blessing,
He will keep that vow forever!

Margaret Eytinge.

## THE GENTLEMEN OF SARSAR.

By SHERWOOD BONNER.

### I.

Sarsar! The very name of the place was sinister. Who does not remember De Quincey's "Sarsar wind of desolation," and the chill shudder that quivered through the soul as the harsh adjective came blowing like a discord into the music of that incomparable writing?

Not a misgiving, however, crossed my heart when, shortly before Christmas, my father asked me if I thought myself possessed of the qualifications necessary for collecting a bad debt.

"The business of collecting, father," said I, with what malicious friends called my "prize-poem manner," "is odious in some of its features to a man of spirit, but it may bring into play some of the finest faculties of the human mind."

"And body," added my father, in a quiet sort of way.

"If courage is needed," said I, laughing, "I am the son of my State—the State that does not know how to surrender. As for tact, civility, address, urbanity, and downright stubbornness, these desirable qualities are surely mine by right of inheritance."

"Well, well," said my father, meditatively, "it is a pretty rough place, Sarsar is. The debt is one thousand dollars; and if you get this sum, or any part of it, I don't mind saying it is yours for a Christmas-box."

For many reasons these were delightful words. First, while I fully intended that my life should teem with good things, at present it was as bare and empty as a sun-dried skull. My father, with the best intentions in the world, was so indifferent to the doctrines of Malthus as to become the parent of a perfect brood of young ones, each of whom had to stand on his own legs as soon as they were strong enough. I was at the beginning of my career, and made shift to get on, but such a sugar-plum as a thousand dollars had never dropped into my mouth. As befitted my slim purse, I was madly, unutterably in love—in love with Angie Bell, the prettiest girl, I would swear, among a million picked beauties. With the thousand dollars fairly mine, I should be able to offer her those delicate attentions man delights to lavish on the woman he adores—buggy drives and bonbons, new music, books, and bouquets. Thus I should weave myself, as it were, into her life, keep her little heart in a perpetual simmer of kindly feeling, and dispose her to look tenderly on my encroaching passion, nor resist when its tide should sweep her from her moorings into my arms. Unless, reflected I, it might be better to trust to winning her solely on my merits, and, the betrothal an accomplished fact, spend all the sum in the purchase of a troth gift in some degree worthy of her inspiring beauty.

Absorbed in the pleasing perplexity of such a question, I was only aroused from my reverie by my father's tones, raised a good deal above their ordinary level.

"Yes, old Ruck is as saucy and rough a tonic as any man could swallow. You will need all your mother-wit in dealing with him. The old scamp swears it is not a just debt, and pay it he will not."

"Sarsar—nothing more than a backwoods settlement, is it?"

"Nothing. And there are people up among those hills who actually try to vote for General Jackson to-day! A good many worthless negroes have congregated in the place, who fight, quarrel, and steal without much interference from anybody. There are a lot of rough fellows, however, calling themselves 'the Gentlemen of Sarsar,' who regulate things after their own fashion. Chief among them is *your* man—Andy Rucker. He has unbounded influence with his *clientèle*, and, they say, understands how to use the shot-gun better than any man in the county."

"Never think to daunt me, father," said I, briskly. "I shall go to Sarsar, and shall fetch back the money."

A few days later I got off at a station ten miles east of Sarsar, and, hiring a horse, set out for a ride across the country. The hills were steep, the road rough, the people rougher. At the cabins where I stopped to ask the way, they looked on me as a stranger from a far-off land.

"Do git down and look at your creetur," was their invariable remark, and one that puzzled me exceedingly, until I found it was a hospitable invitation to dismount for a rest.

Reaching Sarsar, I was directed to "the widow Joplin's" as a place of entertainment. The widow, a tired-looking woman, with her lips drawn down at the corners as if they needed kissing into shape, put me into the hands of a bright mulatto boy, whom she called Dee Jay. This worthy conducted me to my chamber, and asked if I would like some oysters for supper.

"Oysters, by all means—a couple of dozen, fancy roast."

"Lor', marster, we ain't got so many in de house; an' *ef* we had, I 'clar to gracious, marster, two dozen two-poun' cans would kill you, sho'."

"*Cans!* Is it canned oysters you offered me?"

"Yes, sir—Cove. We had some fresh ones onst—I disremember what year it wuz. But, lor'! we didn't know how ter open 'em, an' we jest pounded away at 'em wid brickbats, till Mars' Andy come an' showed us how. Ain't it curus how dey kin live an' breathe de breff o' life shet up in dem tight shells?"

Declining to enter into a discussion on oysters, I asked if "Mars' Andy" was Mr. Rucker.

"Yes, sir. Captin Rucker we mostly calls him. You acquainted wid him?"

"No; but to make his acquaintance happens to be my business here."

"Is dat so?" cried Dee Jay, with increased respect in his tones. "An' I made sho' you wuz a-drummin' for seggars. Mars' Andy ain't very fond o' dem drummin' men," he went on, confidentially; "in fac', dey ain't popular wid none o' dem lazy, long-legged Rucker boys. Dey kin fairly devil a stranger out o' toun if dey takes a notion. Hope you ain't gwine ter tread on de captin's toes, marster. He's a awful man to have a rassel wid."

"He must be a terrible fellow," said I, laughing.

"Lor', dey ain't no harm in Mars' Andy. He's de head man in dis town. He's as full o' pranks an' capers as a unbroke colt; but he's got as much sense as a horse."

With that compliment, in every way worthy of a returned Gulliver, my innocent Yahoo took me to the widow Joplin's dining-room.

Before I had well finished my supper a tall man strode into the room, followed by two of the daintiest, prettiest little black-and-tan thoroughbred pups I had ever seen.

"How Angie would dote on them!" thought I.

The master of the pups was a noticeable man. Tall and broad-shouldered, with clean-cut features and bright black eyes—so far not differing from any other. But his hair marked him among men as Samson's among the Philistines. Long and heavy, and iron-gray in color, it fell in actual ringlets to his shoulders, and gave almost a look of ferocity to his countenance.

"A character!" said I to myself, and longed to hear him speak.

The wish was not allowed to grow cold, as he came directly to me with:

"I hear, sir, there is a stranger in town who wants to see Andy Rucker. That's my name. Yours is—"

"Ned Merewether, at your service," said I, rising, with extended hand. "You have met my father."

"Oh yes; I am well acquainted with Jack Merewether," he said, giving me a prolonged look. "Well, Ned, let's take a drink."

Knowing the offense I should give by a refusal, I assented, though dreading the villainous compound I should have to swallow under the name of "old Bourbon."

One drink followed another, and my head began to buzz a little. Several men dropped in, who were introduced by Mr. Rucker as kinsmen and friends. I proposed a health to "the Gentlemen of Sarsar," and the scene grew convivial.

"What d'ye think of our country, mister?" said an ill-looking youth, whom they addressed by the tender title of "Honey Rucker."

"It's as fine a country as I ever saw," responded I. "But you don't have many rich men, I suppose?"

"Rich men!" cried Mr. Rucker, in a tone of compassion; "why, youngster, we are *all* rich, only we don't like to show off. Good families—like the Ruckers—never make a parade. Now and then such a fellow as Yowell wants to spread himself. You remember, boys, how he went to old Nathan Weeks's funeral?"

"Rather!" said Honey Rucker, in a gloomy tone.

"It was a big funeral, and most of us walked, for carriages are unhandy on our roads. But Yowell wanted to make a show, so he and his must ride. He and his wife were in a four-wheeled gig, and every Jack and Gill of his seven children was toted by a likely negro boy, who sat astride a two-hundred-dollar mule. Now each one of those Africans would have sold for fifteen hundred dollars—aggregate, ten thousand five hundred dollars; the mules summed up to fourteen hundred dollars, making a clean sum of eleven thousand nine hundred dollars winding along these hills as unconcerned as a snake. What do you think of that for style?"

"Quite in the style of the *Arabian Nights*," said I.

"'Better worth seeing than the aurora borealis,'" quoted Mr. Honey Rucker.

"Ah! there are some queer people up here among these hills," said Captain Andy, with a shake of the head.

"What do you do in the way of sport?" asked I.

"Everything—chase foxes, run deer, spear fish. But our grand sport"—with sudden animation—"our Christmas frolic, is a nigger hunt."

"A *what?*"

"A negro chase, perhaps you would call it. You see, our jail is such a ramshackle affair that it is next to impossible to keep a prisoner in bonds, if he has any get-up-and-get in his make-up. The rascals break out and take to the hills. And when the humor takes us we hunt them down."

There was a laughing devil in Mr. Rucker's eye, and I knew not what to think. Determined, however, not to seem unsophisticated, I said, coolly,

"I should think such game would give you but a short run."

"Humph! put twenty hounds on a black rascal's track—they can scent it after it's a day old—and he will run faster than a deer, and outmanœuvre a fox in dodging corners."

"Poor souls!"

"They haven't any souls, I fancy," said Mr. Rucker, easily; "'poor bodies' would be more to the point, as they have to clip it to a galloping tune. Come, sir, no use walking on stilts away from home. Join us in our next hunt."

The man seemed as sober as a christened saint, but I felt I was the butt of a joke, and secretly resented it.

"Well, sir," said I, "I did not come here to make acquaintance with the sports of the gentry."

"And may I presume to ask why you *did* come?" inquired Mr. Rucker, with vast politeness.

"You should know best, sir, as I represent the firm of Avery & Merewether."

"Aha! I remember something was said of certain moneys that your people fancied I owed them."

"Fancy me no fancies, Mr. Rucker"—certainly the whiskey had gone into my head—"*the money has to be paid.*"

"And you are the man that's to get it? Well, well, it would be a pity you should not have what you have come so far to gain—all, and more. I insist you should have more. I myself ought to make you a little gift."

"Very well," I said, good-humoredly, "I will gladly accept these little beauties"—and I caught up Mr. Rucker's pups.

"For your sweetheart?"

"For the prettiest girl in the county," said I, laughing, and with a warm glow at my heart at the bare thought of my lovely little angel, Angie Bell.

### II.

Awaking with a clear head the next morning, I hurried out to seek Mr. Rucker; but, to my annoyance, that eccentric gentleman was nowhere to be found. Every one of whom I inquired was too stupid even to guess at his whereabouts.

"De captin is jes' like de sun," said my sympathizing valet, Dee Jay: "sometimes he will shine out on folks, an' agin, when de notion takes him, he will go under a cloud, an' you can't put your finger on de place whar he is hid."

"And how long is it his Majesty's pleasure to stay under a cloud?"

"It 'ud take a wizard man to tell dat, marster."

"I went to his house, hoping to see some member of his family; but no one came to the door, though I rapped and pounded half an hour."

"He ain't got no family. De Rucker blood is purty nigh run out in dis county."

"Why, I thought every other man in it was a Rucker."

"Well, dey is mostly cousins, or dey jes' tuk de name fur glory. Mars' Andy had a lot of brothers onst, an' a par; but dey wuz killed, all along through de war—one a-bushwhackin', one a-fightin' wid Morgan, one wid de fever, an' so on. Mars' Andy hisself had a squeak for his life onst on a time. He wuz lyin' on de field bleedin' from seventeen or eighteen wounds, when along comes a cavalryman a-swingin' of his savior—"

"Dee Jay! what in the name of Heaven are you saying?"

"Along comes a cavalryman on a big black horse, a-swingin' his savior in de air till it looked as round as a cart wheel, an' flashed like de moon on fire. Mars' Andy shet his eyes an' begun ter say his prayers; when pop! bang! off went a musket from behind a tree, an' down went Mr. Rider jes' like a grasshopper when a turkey-gobbler nips him off a sweet-pertater vine!

"De captin tuk on mightily about our side gittin' beat," continued Dee Jay, encouraged by my laughter; "he 'ain't let his hair grow sence Vicksburg fell, an' it turned grisly gray dat same night. It was jes' struck all of a heap. Dat's why de people here think so much o' Mars' Andy. Dey has sech respec' fur his strong feelin's."

"I wish his strong feelings would lead him to pay his debts," muttered I.

Mr. Rucker was not so cruel as to stay under a cloud all day. In the afternoon he burst into my room, beaming like the sun to which he had been compared.

"It's all settled, my friend," he cried.

"What! the debt?"

"Bother the debt! A question of money should not arise between gentlemen."

"Gentlemen should pay what they owe," said I, grimly.

"Softly, lad, softly. You are almost on the point of being uncivil, in which case I should have to leave you to yourself."

Dreading another disappearance on Mr. Rucker's part, I said:

"Really, sir, I had no intention of being uncivil. What is it that is settled?"

"The chase—the hunt for the horny-heeled son of Ham."

"That joke again?"

"No joke about it. There is an idle fellow here—Bud Kane by name—who was caught hog-stealing about a month back. He has been hiding among the hills, and we think it well to get him off our hands before Christmas."

"You wouldn't kill the man?"

"Oh no; only scare him a bit. If he gives us a good run we will let him off scot-free. And he is the fleetest scamp in the country. Lucky to be able to offer you such sport."

"My good Mr. Rucker," said I, attempting to speak with great moderation, "unequalled as such sport must be, you must allow me to decline a share in it. You know my object in coming here—"

"My dear fellow," interrupted Rucker, "that is all right. I have plenty of money burning for your pocket. But just now I can't think of anything but the merry hunt. Come! let us have it over, and then to business. I will promise that you shall be fully satisfied. Perhaps, however, you are not a rider?"

It was silly of me, but I was really piqued, and thought I should like to show this rough man of Sarsar whether I could ride or not. I reflected, too, that it might be well to humor his wish and join his hunting party—it would probably turn out some portentous joke played by the Gentlemen of Sarsar. After it was "played out," Mr. Rucker could hardly fail to meet my demands, hand over the money, and let me get back to civilization—civilization and Angie Bell.

"Well, well," said I, carelessly, "get me a decent mount, and I'll join your party," whereon Mr. Rucker gave a tremendous grin and hurried away.

At a ridiculously early hour the next morning I was aroused by a wild "Halloo!" under my window. Looking out, I saw the Gentlemen of Sarsar in force—some twenty or more vagabond-looking fellows, mounted on horses too nobly built for such riders, all laughing, gesticulating, and occasionally firing at the incautious chickens roosting in the trees about the house. They were rigged out like a lot of banditti. Some were armed with rifles, and all seemed to have equipped themselves with what was left over from their war equipments, including horse-pistols and bowie-knives, cavalry boots and devil-may-care hats. I must say I felt uncommonly ticklish—as much so as if I had been in Arabia with a set of Bedouins inviting me for "sport" to plunder one of the desert caravans. However, I gulped down my scruples with the morning cocktail which we all took at the bar of the widow Joplin, and listened patiently while Mr. Rucker gasconaded about the wonderful shots he had made, the tremendous leaps his horse had taken over gullies and logs.

"Unless you can stand rip-racing through the country as if you were trying to shake hands with the lightning," said he, "you had better not try to keep up with the hunt, but take a stand on some overlooking hill—"

"Mr. Rucker," cried I, "spare yourself any fears for me."

"All right, then. Let's be off, boys."

They leaped to their saddles with Texan agility; half a dozen stag-hounds were brought to the front; and with another "Halloo!" we were off.

Never shall I forget that ride. The keen morning air was a stimulus that thrilled every sense to alertness. Mr. Rucker carolled, in a robust voice:

"Last night, in my late rambles,
All in the isle of Skye,
I met a lovely creature
All in the mountains high."

But the only lovely creature we met was the lady moon, queen of this wild world of wood and mountain and stream, now almost out of sight, as day was beginning to dawn. The hills, near and far, rose like waking giants to meet the pale, blinking stars; lights twinkled from the valley below; little piping birds mingled their shrill notes with the sound of the wood-chopper's axe.

We rode at a brisk trot, Mr. Rucker and I in the rear. Suddenly a cry was heard from one of the advance-guard. I pressed forward, my mind's eye filled with a fine buck, who sniffed the "tainted gale," and sprung with beautiful fear from his pursuers. Instead of which I saw a figure *on two legs*—but

"Whether man or woman,
Whether ghoul or human,"

I could not tell at the distance—spring across the field as if Satan's fiends were after him.

From this time all is confusion in my memory. Wild, wild riding I recall, and a sense of reckless delight that vented itself in shrill cries to my horse. The sun was just darting up in slim scarlet lances. A light wind blew, and the very drops of blood in my veins seemed to dance like the pine needles in the wind. What we pursued I no longer knew. I was beside myself with the passion of the chase. Logs, bogs, nor brooks appalled me. Fences and gullies were as shadows leaped over in a dream. The infernal baying of the hounds was music to my ear. Noble sport this, truly. Now and then there was a glimpse of a flying figure—a male Atalanta bounding over the ground with splendid speed; and finally a sudden pull-up—a *something* at bay—and a sound of rifles snapping and hounds yelping.

"Fire, lad, fire!" cried Mr. Rucker.

"For God's sake tell me—is it a man?"

"Fire in the air if you have any doubt," he said, with a great laugh, and firing his own rifle at a tree-top. Wild with excitement, I essayed to do the same. My horse plunged—my gun went off—an awful cry followed the report, and a voice shrieked: "He has killed him! He has shot Bud Kane!"

I leaped from my horse and rushed to the spot. There, truly, lay a man—a muscular, finely shaped young negro, entirely nude but for a fox-skin thrown over his shoulders. He was panting heavily, and his blood was staining the yellow sedge-grass.

I could not believe my eyes. I was almost distracted. Had *I* done this horrible deed? Had I slain an inoffensive fellow-creature, whose hands were certainly clean toward me, no matter how many Sarsar hogs he had stolen? Innocent I felt myself, yet guilty with a horrible guiltiness; for there lay the poor wretch, bleeding like Marco Bozzaris, and not a man among them all spoke a word of comfort.

## III.

A litter was made of the boughs of pine-trees, and Bud Kane lifted upon it. Mr. Rucker and I rode in advance of the bearers, to prepare Bud's mother for the reception of her son.

"Man alive!" cried Andy, impatiently, "why did you not fire in the air? Did you not see we were all doing so?"

"I saw nothing. Why did you lead me into such a devil's business?"

"My dear Merewether," he said, in a cool, dry tone, "like Shakspeare's Jew, you bettered my instruction."

At the door of a particularly mean-looking cabin Mr. Rucker called a halt. A veritable hag sat in the doorway—old, black, lean, and wrinkled, but with a head of crisp wool as bushy as a box plant. This person was engaged in the curious operation of "roping" her hair, that is, dividing it into small strands, each one of which was wrapped tightly to its end with a white cotton string.

"Hello, Aunt Diana!" said Mr. Rucker.

"Why, Mars' Andy! Dat you? What brings you here dis hour in de mornin'? Want a drink o' buttermilk?"

"No; I've some bad news for you. Bud has met with an accident."

"What's dat you tell me?"

She sprung to her feet. Anything more uncanny and witch-like than her appearance can not be imagined. On one side of her head her hair stood out like an electrified mane, evidently fresh from a vigorous carding; on the other it lay flat in little snaky cotton twists. Her eyes rolled till they seemed all white. One hand was on her hip, the other stretched toward us with clinched fist.

Mr. Rucker ran over the details of the accident without mentioning my name. But she pinned me on the spot.

"I s'pose you did it," she said, "seein' as you are a stranger? Der ain't none o' de boys here would 'a been so clumsy."

"Yes, my horse reared, and my gun went off accidentally. I am very sorry—"

"Sorrow don't butter no corn-pone," she interrupted, in a high key. "I mistrusted sompen wrong yesterday when Mars' Andy Rucker wuz here persuadin' Bud ter take part in his onmannerly, onchristian rampage."

"What!" cried I, in a passion in my turn; "it was a sell, then, after all?"

Mr. Rucker smiled, and shrugged his shoulders.

"You would 'a thought so," screamed Mother Kane, "if you had 'a heerd him beggin' Bud an' bribin' him to take de job. Bud warn't noways anxious to dress hisself up in a fox-skin an' go tarin' over de country, an' let de hounds be turned loose on him. But says Mars' Andy: 'We will post horses in de thickets, so that you can ride from one point to annudder, an' save your strength to dash across de open fields an' keep ahead o' de hunt. An' it will be a big frolic, Bud,' he says; 'an' when it's done you shell have a quart o' rum an' five dollars fur de night's work.' Five dollars looked big enough to cover de sun an' moon, it did. So he gin his consent, an' here's de end of it—Bud killed, an' me left ter scuffle along, de heavenly powers knows how."

She threw her apron over her head and began to weep.

"I knowed mischief wuz comin'," she sobbed. "'Twarn't on'y las' week dat ole Debby, de witch 'ooman, tole my fortune on de shoulder-blade of a sheep, an' likewise de breas'-bone of a goose. 'Troubles dark an' many,' she says, 'an' a funeral in de house, an' a hard row ter hoe!' An' I jis tell you, young man"—dropping her apron, and shaking her extraordinary old head at me—"*I'll* have de law of you. Dis ain't nuthin' short of murder, it ain't."

"It was an accident," I cried; "and whatever I *can* do to make amends, you may be sure I *will* do."

"Den you kin jist han' me over some money fur de funeral expenses an' odder matters."

"How much do you want?"

"Jes' put it to yourself, sir. Don't you think if you wuz tore away from your pa, an' his ole age left widout support, he would ax a purty high figger to cover de loss?"

"I think," said I, with much internal bitterness, "if my father could see me at this moment, he would think twenty-five dollars a high value for my head."

"Well, gimme dat, marster, an' I'll be satisfied."

I handed her the sum, and we left the house just as the men bearing Bud on the litter came in sight, and the old mother began her distracting screams.

"Rucker," said I, as we rode away—"Rucker"—and my voice trembled with rage—"as I am a living man you shall give me satisfaction for this."

"Let a harmless jest go by," he said, coldly, "and consider your own position. I am bound to tell you that you are in some danger. The negroes here are a wild lot, and, backed by certain lawless white men I could mention, would just as soon lynch you as not."

"That I own would be quite in keeping with what I have seen of the Gentlemen of Sarsar."

"We will discuss the matter farther when you are rested: you look fagged out," said Mr. Rucker, with an air of paternal interest.

At the widow Joplin's I shut myself into my room, and throwing myself on my bed, fell into as profound a sleep as if to shoot a man before breakfast was nothing more serious than to bag a lot of birds.

Toward noon Mr. Rucker came back. His face was drawn into solemn lines, his ringlets hung damp and uncurled.

"Kane is dead," he said.

"No!"

"The wound seemed a trifle at first; but traumatic tetanus set in, and he went off like a shot."

"I would give my right hand to undo this morning's work."

"Come, man, don't be cast down. My advice is that you come with me at once to a magistrate and give yourself up. I will go bail for your appearance at the April court. I need not ask if you will be sure to be on hand?"

"If I allow you to be my bondsman, such a question is an insult," said I, haughtily.

"Exactly. I will go your bail for, say, two thousand dollars. And since this sum, like the rod of Aaron, swallows up the smaller amount you came to collect, we will let *that* matter rest over until you come on to your trial—eh?"

"I am in your hands, Mr. Rucker," said I, fiercely, and feeling like a rat in a trap, "and have no alternative but to do as you suggest. But my father will be here as my legal adviser, and I can tell you this whole thing will be well sifted."

"Your father may count on my aid and friendship," said Mr. Rucker, with the air of a generous potentate, "both for his sake and yours."

As he spoke there was a rap at the door, and a trim mulatto girl answered to my "Come in." There was a gypsy beauty in her bold black eyes, and mischief lurked in the corners of her mouth; but she made a tolerably modest courtesy, and said,

"If you please, sir, I wuz gwine ter be married."

"That is not surprising," said Mr. Rucker, seeing me at a loss how to reply to this unexpected confidence. "I should think all the young bucks in the country would be after you."

"I ain't gwine ter boast o' dat, Mars' Andy, for you knows I never was one o' dem flirtin', owdacious gals dat would jest as soon sleep in de calaboose as anywhar else. But I wuz gwine ter marry decent an' respectable as any white lady, an' have a gold ring an' piller-shams. An' now he's gone an' got killed, and I ain't got nobody ter marry; and I jes' wish I was dead too."

Here she began to weep, and, with a pang at the heart, I realized that before me stood another victim of my fatal shot. It was Bud Kane whom she was to marry!

"My poor girl—" said I.

"Don't you 'poor girl' me!" she cried, viciously. "I'm jest as free as anybody, and I don't want no foolin' nor soft talk from you nor no other white gentleman."

"Well, what *do* you want?" said I, roughly.

"My circumstances is these," she said, checking her tears: "that I have give up a good place I had at five dollars a month, an' have spent all my savin's an' givin's a-buyin' weddin' clothes an' a feather-bed, which I am meanin' to swap off to the widder Joplin for the tombstone of her fust husband, an' set it up over poor Bud, the verses on it bein' ekally upproprite, as they only says:

"'He wuz too bright fur earth,
He wuz taken from our hearth.
Of angels ther wuz a dearth,
So they welcomed him with mirth.'"

"That is a fine idea of yours," said Mr. Rucker, "but you wander from the point."

"No, sir, I'm jes' a-comin' to it. Seein' as I am all throwed out an' disadvantaged, I thought if I had ten or twelve dollars I could go to town, an' git a place an' earn my livin'; an' it looked like de gentleman dat shot Bud ought ter holp me along a little to kerry out my projec's an' git de better o' my afflictions."

My hand was in my pocket. I pulled it out, holding a bill, and bade good-by to Bud Kane's interesting sweetheart.

"You did well," said Mr. Rucker; "a policy of conciliation now, by all means."

Our business at the magistrate's was soon transacted; but after leaving his office we found it a matter of difficulty to get past the crowd. A mob of negroes had collected, and muttered threats made my blood run cold. Plainly Sarsar was no longer a safe place for me.

On reaching the inn I found myself awaited at the door of my room by an imposing-looking old darky with white hair and a stout cane.

"Good-day, sir," said he. "If your name is young Mr. Merewether, I would like a few words wid you."

"All right, uncle; come in." And I threw open the door and flung myself into a chair.

"Give me de satisfacshun to intreduce myse'f," said the old man, with dignity, "as de parster of de Fust Methodis' Church, limited."

"Limited to what?" said I, profanely.

"To de godly an' to de seekers; an' to dis latter class our departed brudder Bud Kane belonged. He wuz a seekin' sperrit."

"Bud Kane again!"

"Dat pore wild lad lost his life as so many of our color loses der manly sperret—by submittin' to de white folks as if dey wuz monkeys instid o' men. But, in despite of Bud bein' in some sort a son of Belial, he *wanted* ter do what wuz right; an' he hed agreed ter give us a small sum toward erectin' a edifice fur prayer an' praise, de present meetin'-house bein' subject to rats, an' bats, an' rain, an' de bad boys of Sarsar."

"I really don't see how this matter concerns *me!*" cried I, though, alas! I *did* see with fatal clearness what he was after.

"I wus thinkin', marster," he said, severely, "dat it mought be a sort o' balm o' Gilead to your conscience to supply dat sum."

"Better give him a trifle," whispered Mr. Rucker; "he has great influence among the blacks."

There was no help for it. A five-dollar bill passed from my keeping into that of the "parster of the Fust Methodis' Church, limited."

I began to pack my portmanteau.

"What are you about?" said Mr. Rucker.

"About to leave your town. I can catch the night train at L—— by making good speed."

"So you can; but take my advice again and leave that luggage."

"Leave my portmanteau! But why?"

"You won't be allowed to get away. The people are keeping watch. I can manage it, however. Start out with me as if for a friendly ride, and we can get on to L—— with nobody the wiser; but if you start out with that carpet-sack, I won't answer for the consequences. I can send it after you in a day or so."

Again I had to submit—anything to get out of the accursed place.

We mounted our horses, Mr. Rucker ostentatiously remarking that we were going out for a little ride.

"You won't let him get away, Mars' Andy?" cried a voice.

"Have no fear, boys; he is in Andy Rucker's charge," exclaimed another.

Once away from them, I thought my trials at an end. But there were yet other ordeals in store. From a cabin a shade more dingy than Mother Kane's there rushed out a fat black female, with three or four children hanging to her skirts.

"Stop, stop, gentlemen!" she cried; and we reined in accordingly. She laid her hand on the bridle of my horse.

"Ain't you de gentleman dat killed Bud Kane?" she asked.

Bud Kane's name was fast becoming the red rag to the bull.

"What's that to you?" roared I.

"Jes' this, sir: these is Bud's chillern."

"I wonder if there is anything or anybody in this town that Bud Kane is not in some way connected with?" said I, violently. "I suppose *you* want a little money to buy a black frock?"

"I ain't pertickeler ez ter the frock, but I need the money powerful bad to help raise the chillern, for Bud always wuz mighty fond of 'em;" and she too began to weep. "He always said he meant ter have Julius Cæsar eddicated. He wuz de favorite, because he wuz de oldest, an' de fust chile Bud ebber had. Den he made a gret pet o' Leonidas, because he wuz de youngest, an' prized accordin'; and de gal, Mary Margeret—"

"Why, look here," said I; "I have just seen a girl who told me she was going to marry Bud."

"Yes, sir, he tole me he wuz gwine ter marry. He wanted me to have him, but lor! I wouldn't marry Bud, *because he didn't belong to de church.*"

I looked at Mr. Rucker. A grin convulsed his features. There was nothing to be said. I gave some money to the worthy matron, and we rode on.

At last we were well out of Sarsar, and my spirits began to rise. Suddenly we heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs coming after us at a rapid gallop.

"We are pursued," said Mr. Rucker.

"Let me give him a run for it," I cried.

"No, no; wait here; guilt flies; you risk nothing in facing whomsoever it may be."

The pursuer turned out to be a lean little man, who introduced himself as Dr. Mellar.

"I heard you were about leaving town, Mr. Merryfield," he said, briskly—"Merewether?—excuse me—and I wanted to mention to you a little bill for attendance on the negro Bud Kane, his mother being unable to pay, and hearing you had a fine feeling of honor—"

I got down from my horse, squared my elbows, doubled my fists. "Come on!" said I.

"Are you mad?" cried the little doctor; and wheeling his horse sharply round, he fled back to Sarsar.

Before I mounted again, I deliberately loaded my pistol.

"This is a seven-shooter," said I to Mr. Rucker. "One ball is for the undertaker, one for the grave-digger, the odd ones for any of the mourners who may wish to be paid for weeping at Bud Kane's funeral."

"I think," cried Mr. Rucker, reeling slightly in his saddle, as if convulsed by some internal emotion—"I really think we have seen the last of them. You may shake the dust from your feet, Mr. Merewether: you are out of Sarsar."

It was shortly before Christmas that this adventure befell me. Christmas-day dawned brightly, as it seemed, to all the world but me. I had no heart to go to church, feeling in no mood for the jubilant services. I was alone in the house, and when there came a ring at the bell I answered the door. There stood a remarkably tall, lithe negro man, with my portmanteau in one hand, and in the other a little covered basket.

"Christmas gift, marster," he cried.

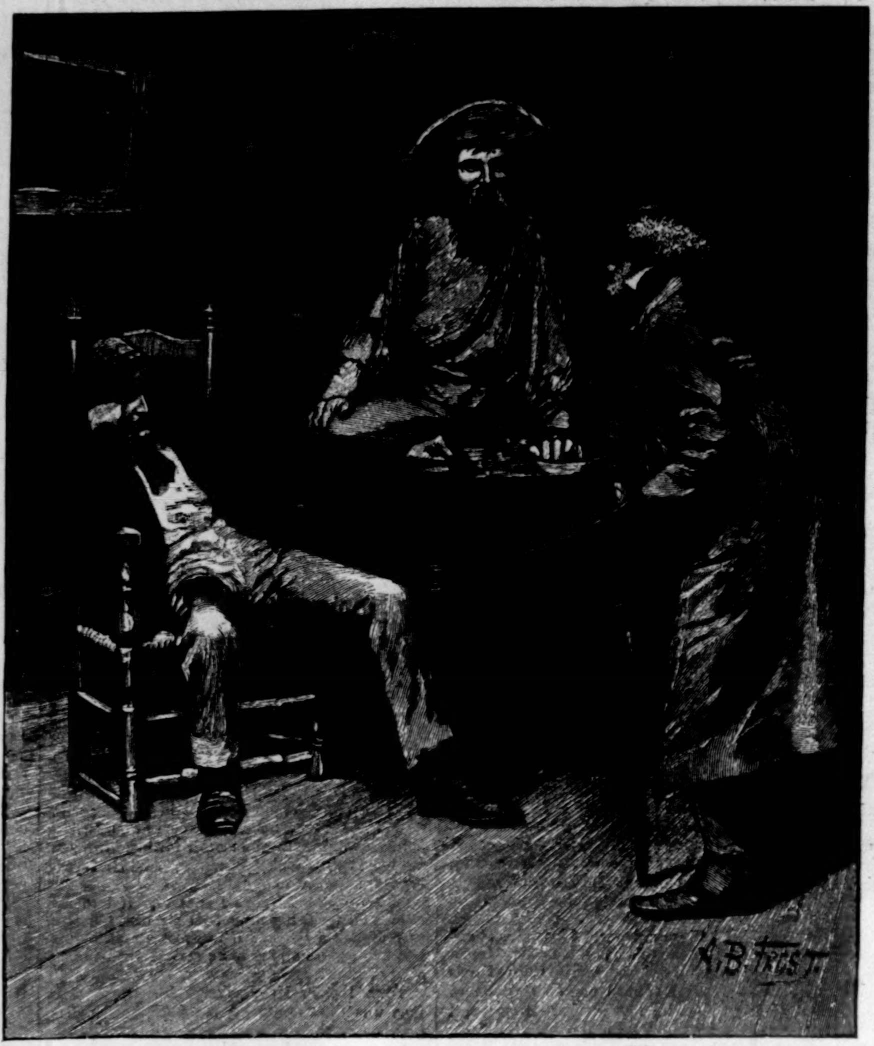
"Merry Christmas to you. You can get a glass of eggnog in the kitchen. I see you are from Sarsar. You have brought back my portmanteau."

"Yes, sir. Looks like you ought to know me by name, young marster. You nearly shot my head off onst. Don't you remember Bud Kane?"

"*Bud Kane!*"

"Yes, sir, dat's me. Mars' Andy tole you I was dead; but dat wuz jest a joke o' his. Somebody axed him what made him act so hateful to you, an' he said onst there wuz two men standin' on de court-house steps, an' one of 'em ups and knocks de odder off de steps; an' dey had him up fur 'salt an' battery. An' de judge says, 'What made you knock dat man offen de steps? he wuz a stranger ter you, an' not a-doin' no harm.' An' de man says, 'I knows it, judge; I didn't have nothin' agin de fellow; but de truth is, *he stood so fair I couldn't help it.*'"

And Bud Kane chuckled as if I would be at no loss to apply his choice anecdote.



"DE PARSTER OF DE FUST METHODIS' CHURCH, LIMITED."

"Here's a note Mars' Andy sont you," he added.

I took the note, and read as follows:

"DEAR MEREWETHER,—I hope you don't bear malice. I know you will be glad that Bud Kane is *not* dead, and send this note by him to convince you of the fact. Of course the bail business was a farce. And I return the money you so handsomely shelled out to the various claimants.

"It is the season of forgiveness, so don't be backward about it. And in token of amity, accept the pups you admired—we call them Prince and Pauper—and give them to your sweetheart. Come again to Sarsar on a different errand, and I promise you a better welcome from rough old

"ANDY RUCKER."

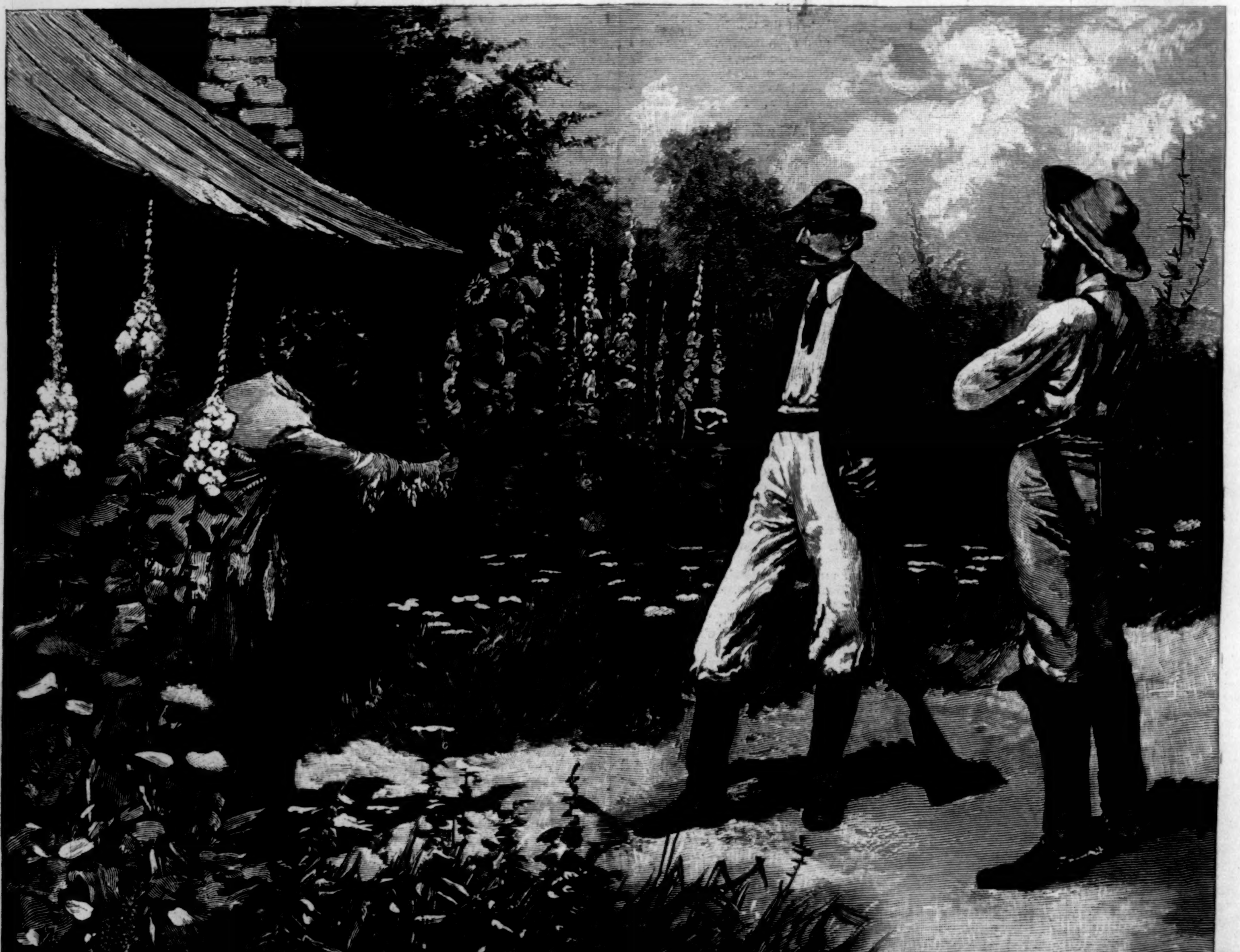
"You take those pups back," said I, "and tell Mr. Rucker I will accept nothing at his hands."

"Yes, sir," said Bud, with a look of drollery; "but can't I have my eggnog befo' I start back? Christmas-time, you know, marster."

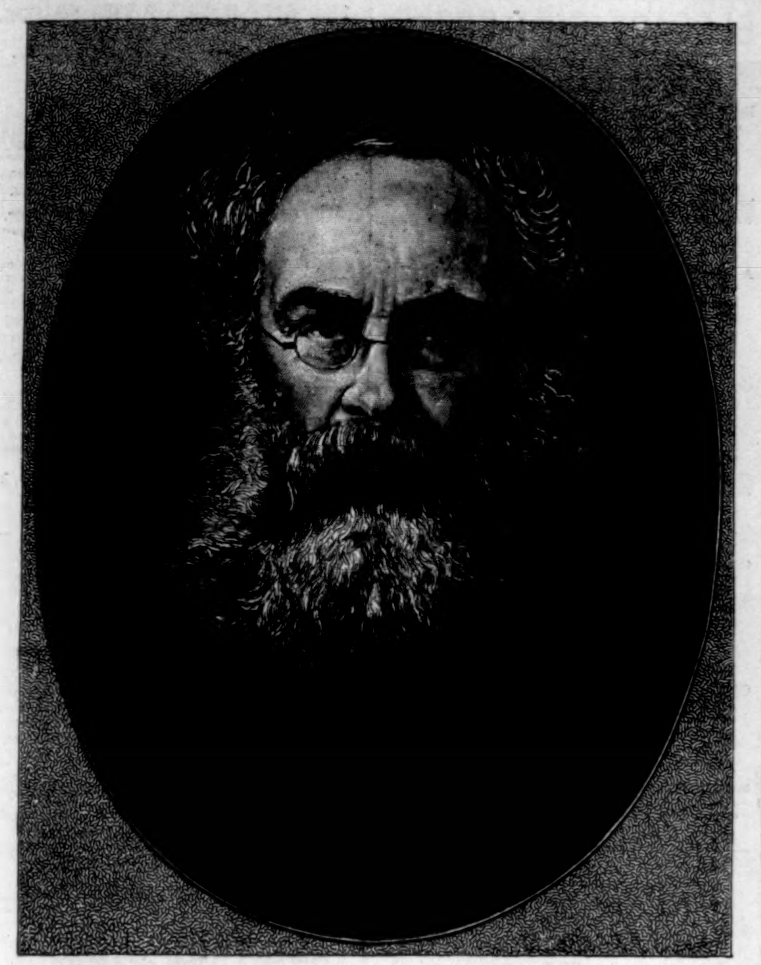
"Oh yes, have all the eggnog you want; and when you are ready to go, come to me for a note I shall send to Mr. Rucker."

Bud Kane disappeared in the direction of the kitchen, and angry, mortified, humbled in my own esteem, I set myself to the realization of how I had been duped. All the details of the fine joke—just where truth ended and imposture began—I should probably not know until I met Mr. Rucker. Then I promised myself an explanation and an ugly quarrel.

While I brooded over the matter the pups got out of the basket, and began to frisk about the room. Then who should come in but Angie, rosy and beautiful, on her way home from church. Down she went on her knees before the little beauties in black and tan; and then she went into such raptures over them, and kissed them so many times, that I couldn't stand it, but offered her them and myself on the spot! She accepted the three of us, and the next thing I knew I had Angie, Prince, and Pauper in my arms, and was pressing a first kiss on her smiling lips. Pauper happened to be somewhere between her heart and mine, and in consequence was so cruelly squeezed as to give a piercing howl; but it was a rapturous moment. I loved all the world, I blessed Andy Rucker, and I forgave the Gentlemen of Sarsar.



"DIS AIN'T NUTHIN' SHORT OF MURDER, IT AIN'T."



ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

## ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

Fifty years ago the name of no English writer was so distasteful to American readers as that of **Trollope**; to-day the name of no English writer is so honored by American readers as that of **Trollope**. We were different then from what we are now, but not so different as was the first **Trollope** from the last, as was that blunt, coarse satirist of all things American, **Frances Melton Trollope**, from that shrewd social historian of all things British, **Anthony Trollope**. The difference between them is the difference between talent and genius. Little is known about Mr. **Trollope**, except that he was born in 1815, that he was educated at Winchester and Harrow, that he was connected with the postal service of his country from his nineteenth to his fifty-second year, that he wrote more novels than any of his contemporaries, and that he died on the night of December 6, at the age of sixty-seven. Before we can fairly estimate the place which Mr. **Trollope** has occupied during the last thirty-five years in the prose literature of England, we must recall what that literature was when he began to write. He published his first book, *The Macdermots of Ballycloran*, in 1847, the year in which **Dickens** published *The Haunted Man*; **Disraeli**, *Tancred*; **Thackeray**, *Mrs. Perkins's Ball*; **Charlotte Brontë**, *Jane Eyre*; and **Emily** and **Anne Brontë**, *Wuthering Heights* and *Agnes Grey*. Before his fifth book, *Barchester Towers*, appeared, **Thackeray** had published *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, *Esmond*, *The English Humorists*, and *The Rose and the Ring*; **Dickens**, *Dombey and Son*, *David Copperfield*, *Bleak House*, *Hard Times*, and *Little Dorrit*; **Lytton**, *The Caxtons* and *Harold*; **Wilkie Collins**, *Antonina* and *Basil*; **Kingsley**, *Yeast* and *Hypatia*; **Reade**, *Peg Woffington*, and *Christie Johnstone*, and *Never Too Late to Mend*. Five or six different schools of fiction were represented by these writers—the satiric school by **Thackeray**, the humorous school by **Dickens**, the romantic school by **Lytton**, the sensational school by **Collins**, the muscular moral school by **Kingsley**, and the idyllic school by **Reade**. With such schools and such masters as these, he would have been, indeed, a bold critic who would have admitted that there was room for another school and another master. But there was room—there always is at the top—and it was found by its first great master, Mr. **Trollope**. It took him, however, ten years to find it, for just that time elapsed between the writing of *The Macdermots of Ballycloran* and *Barchester Towers*—ten years, of which two were wasted upon the boggy soil of Ireland, and a third upon the historic soil of France, for, strange as it may seem now, Mr. **Trollope** seriously essayed a historical novel in La Vendée. He discovered himself and his genius when he began to paint the characters and the manners of the average Englishman and Englishwoman of his period, not as **Thackeray** and **Dickens** did, or were believed to do—for his pencil was neither a satiric one nor a humorous one—but as he saw them and knew them, and as they were to themselves and to each other. He divined them as **Shakspeare** divined his characters. Portrait succeeded portrait, as *Doctor Thorne*, *The Bertrams*, and *Castle Richmond*, and with every fresh one the hand of the artist grew more firm, and his touch more skillful and harmonious. The value of his work was recognized at last by the critics, and recognized by one at least of his brother artists, **Thackeray**, who asked him to write a serial story for his projected periodical, the *Cornhill Magazine*. This was the opportunity of his life, and he embraced it, wisely rather than willingly, for he hankered to write another Irish story. **Thackeray** demurred to this, and demanded an English novel, and got it in *Framley Parsonage*, which gave its writer a world of readers that he had not reached before, and could not have reached at that time except through the *Cornhill Magazine*. If the intellectual position of Mr. **Trollope** had been in doubt hitherto, it was in doubt no longer, for everybody—the few who criticised as well as the many who admired—felt and acknowledged his genius. That another great English novelist had come to his own was certain.

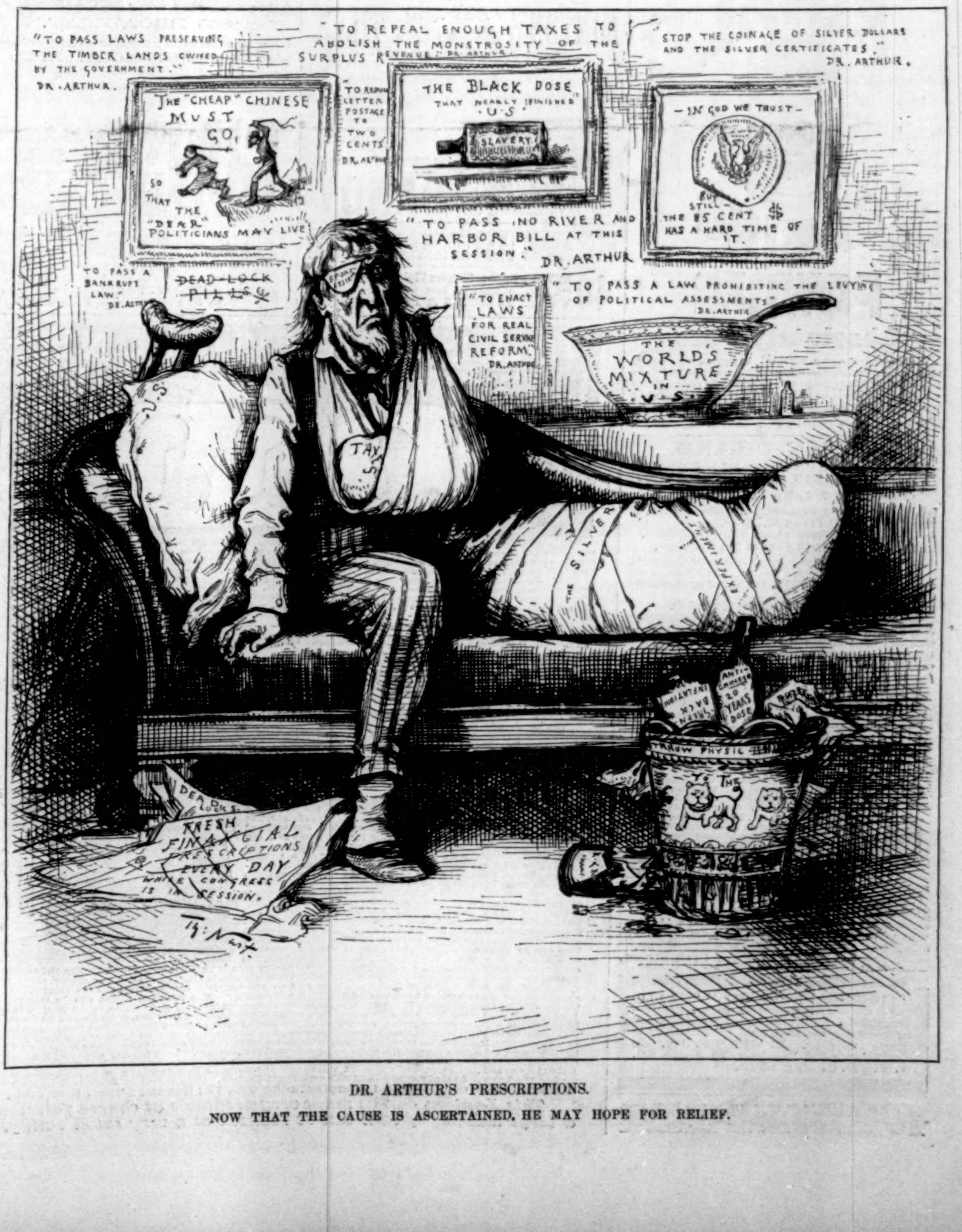
Twenty years have passed since then, and other novelists have appeared and disappeared, winning and losing reputations. The fame of **Dickens** has lessened, and the fame of **Thackeray** has increased; **Lytton** and **Beaconsfield** have been eclipsed by George Eliot; changes in taste and letters have reacted on each other; nothing remains as it was—nothing except the art of Mr. **Trollope**, which, after all, is not so much art as nature. He alone of contemporary English novelists has kept the place to which he rose, and to which his right has never been challenged. He commanded respect where he commanded admiration. The qualities by which his work is distinguished are the reverse of the showy, the meretricious, the artificial. It is not imaginative, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, and it certainly is not poetic. It can not be called witty or humorous, though he had both wit and humor, nor, except at rare intervals, can it be called dramatic. The ground that it occupies lies midway between tragedy and comedy, its theatre being the abodes of the English people, the dwelling of the merchant, the clerk, the physician, the vicarage of the parson, the manor-house of the squire, the stately palatial home of the bishop, the nobleman. It is the every-day life of people like these that he painted, and with a fidelity that was never surpassed, if even equalled. He copied only what he saw. If his originals were interesting, he kept them so; if they were dull, he bestowed their dullness upon us. What **Thackeray** said of himself, that he had no brain above his eyes, was true of Mr. **Trollope**. But he was a great writer, nevertheless, and as the literary historian of to-day turns to the pages of **Fielding**, the literary historian of the future will turn to the pages of **Trollope**, whose death has removed another prose **Homer** of English life.

R. H. Stoddard.

## INTERNATIONAL ART EXHIBITION IN MUNICH.

The Association of Artists in Munich have just issued a "preliminary address" to the artists of the world, inviting them to contribute to the forthcoming International Exhibition of Art to be held in Munich in July, August, September, and October of the coming year. They say: "Munich, the capital of the art-loving King of Bavaria, gave a hearty welcome to the guests who visited the great International Exhibitions of 1869 and 1879. Artists and lovers of art left us at that time with their impressions enriched and enlarged, while the noblest efforts of artistic life were vastly promoted and fructified. The great work then so auspiciously begun the Munich artists now intend to carry on as a labor of love and duty, and accordingly once more extend invitation to all workers in art to take part in the peaceful rivalry, and to assist us in bringing together a collection that shall form a rich picture of modern artistic work and effort. It is the desire of the Association that the Third International Exhibition of Art in Munich shall in 1883 again bear witness that in the effort to attain the highest possible in art the nations are united. The Central Committee of the Exhibition intend to issue soon a complete programme to the world; for the present, however, they wish to say that his Majesty King Ludwig has graciously consented to become the patron of the Exhibition; that the Bavarian government has promised its active support and sympathy; that gold medals of honor will be given for the most eminent productions; that a large number of works of art will be purchased for the purpose of a grand lottery; while the success of the last Munich exhibitions give the fullest promise that artists will find a brilliant market for their exhibits."

The Exhibition will be open from the beginning of July to the end of October. The address concludes: "Fellows in art, this brief outline must suffice for the present to show what we hope to do. We will do all in our power to give you a worthy place. Accept our cordial invitation.—Munich, November, 1882."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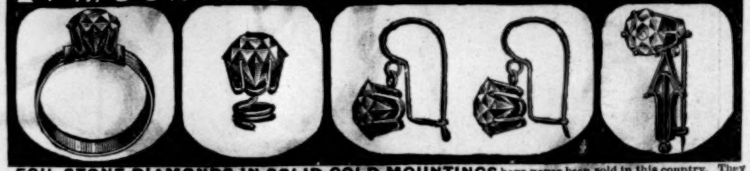

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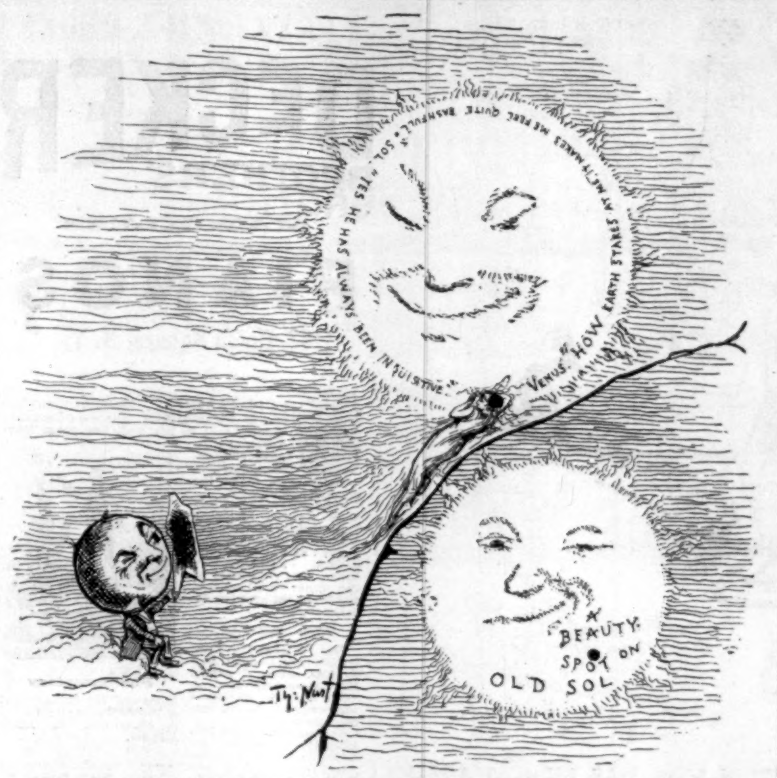
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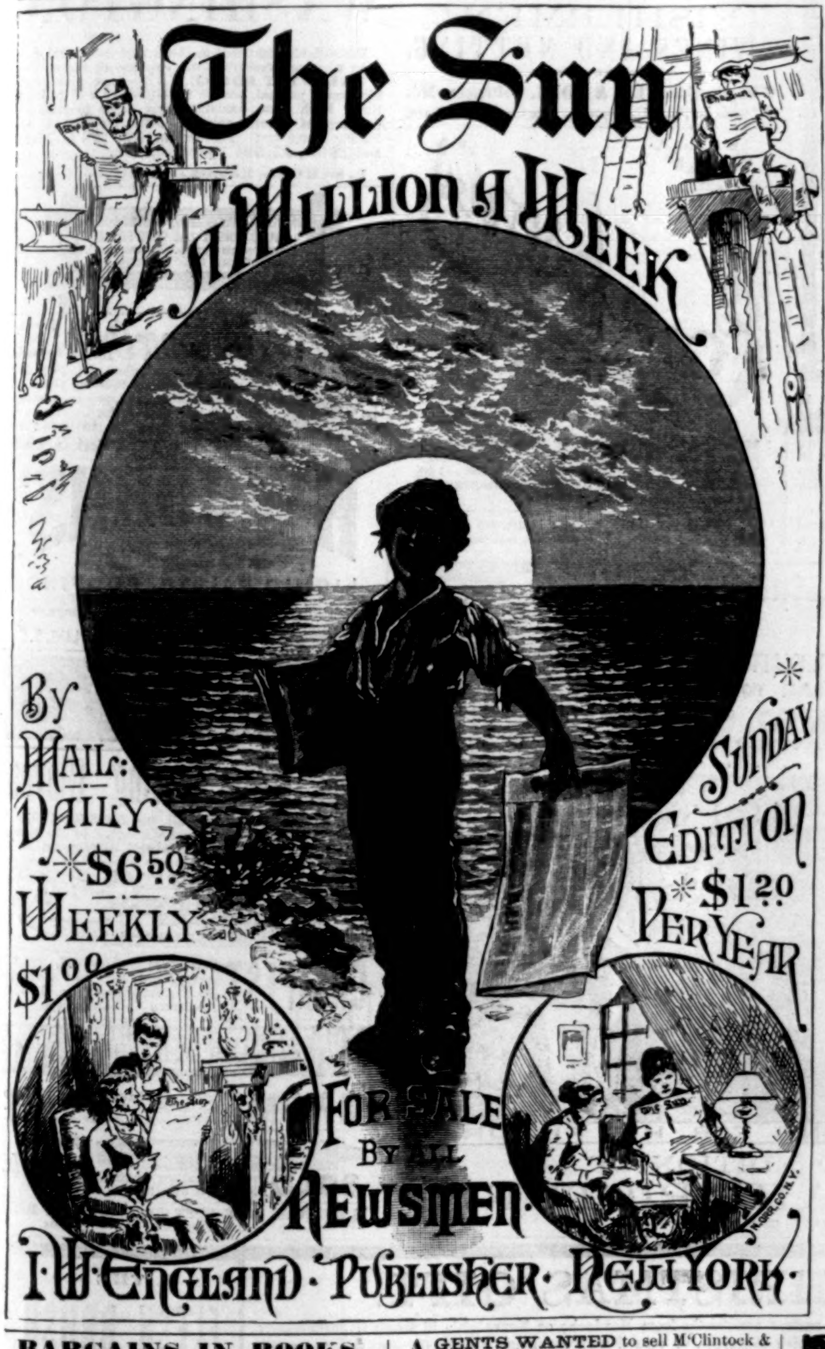
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